TAB HUNTER'S NEW CRUSH!

OCT 24 1957

modern screen

B 673822

OCT. 25c

How I got over my summer romance"—
Carol Baker

OCT 22 1957

Debbie Reynolds

ORLD SCOOP!!!

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.. TELLS STORY OF FATEFUL DEATH RIDE

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PHOTO BY JACQUES SIMSON

when you wake up without pale, faded lips!

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SEP 24 1957

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Leaves your hair *instantly* shampoo-fresh!
Only Richard Hudnut's new Quick has Crystal Clear Lanolized Lotion. A lotion so pure yet penetrating, you can wave without washing first—and shampoo right after you wave! So easy! When your wave is finished, you shampoo instead of rinsing. No need to wait a week to wash away "new perm" frizz and odor. No fear you'll wash out or weaken your wave. It's locked right in with Crystal Clear Lotion!

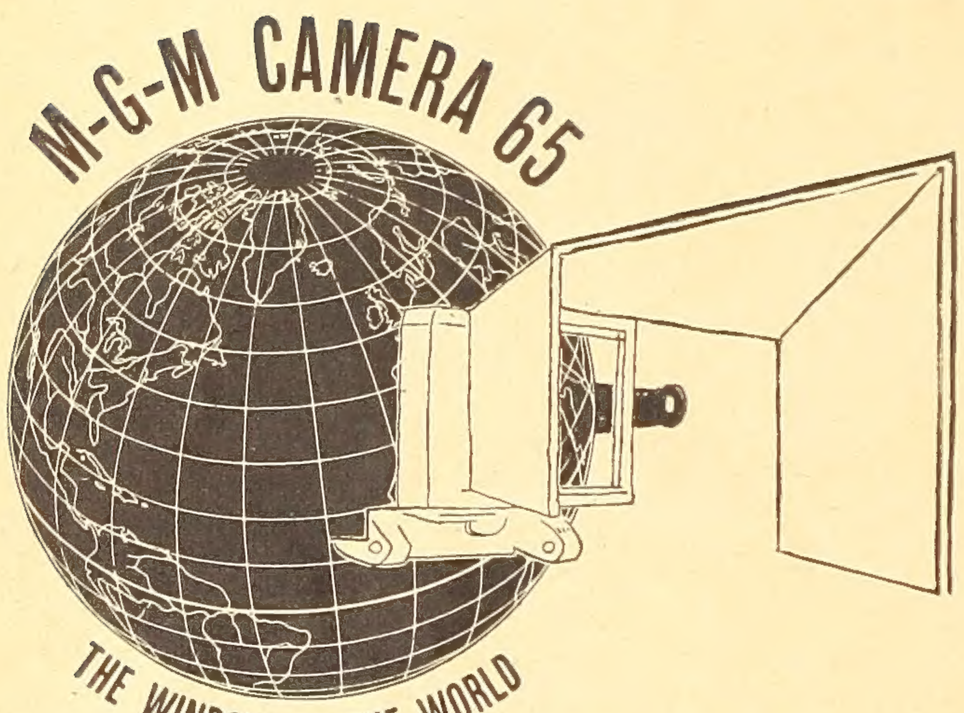
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as Johnny Shawnessy

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

as Susanna Drake

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as Nell Gaither

in

RAINTREE COUNTY

In the great tradition of Civil War Romance



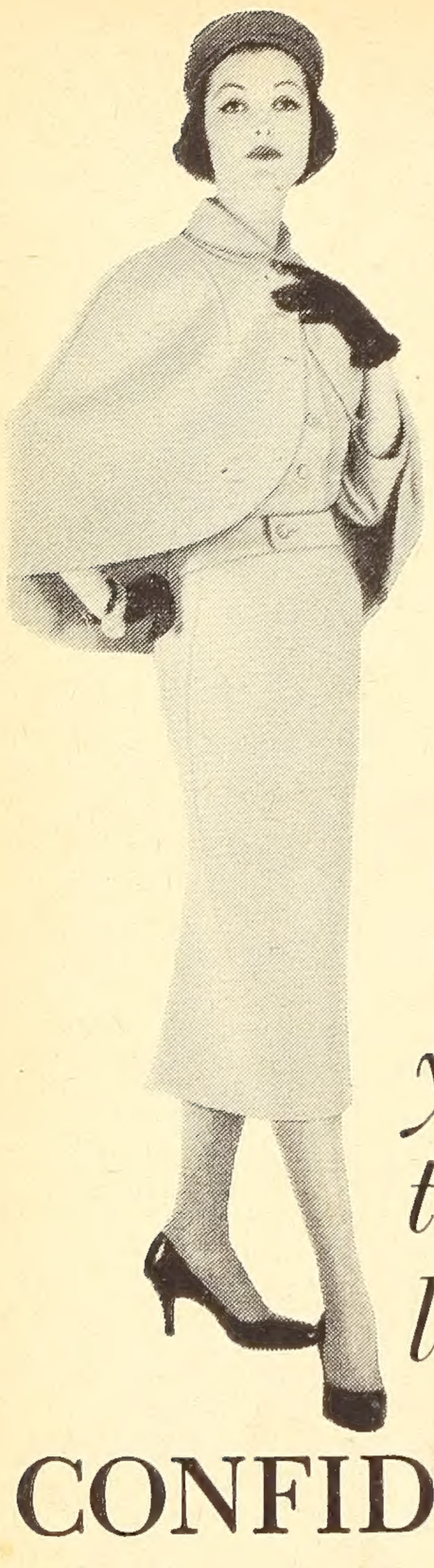
co-starring

NIGEL PATRICK • LEE MARVIN with ROD TAYLOR • AGNES MOOREHEAD

WALTER ABEL • JARMA LEWIS • TOM DRAKE • Screen Play by MILLARD KAUFMAN Associate Producer

Based on the Novel by Ross Lockridge, Jr. • Print by TECHNICOLOR® • Directed by EDWARD DMYTRYK • Produced by DAVID LEWIS

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OCTOBER, 1957

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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Color portrait of Debbie Reynolds on the cover by Jack Albin. Debbie can now be seen in U-I's **Tammy And The Bachelor.** *Other photographers' credits on page 82.*

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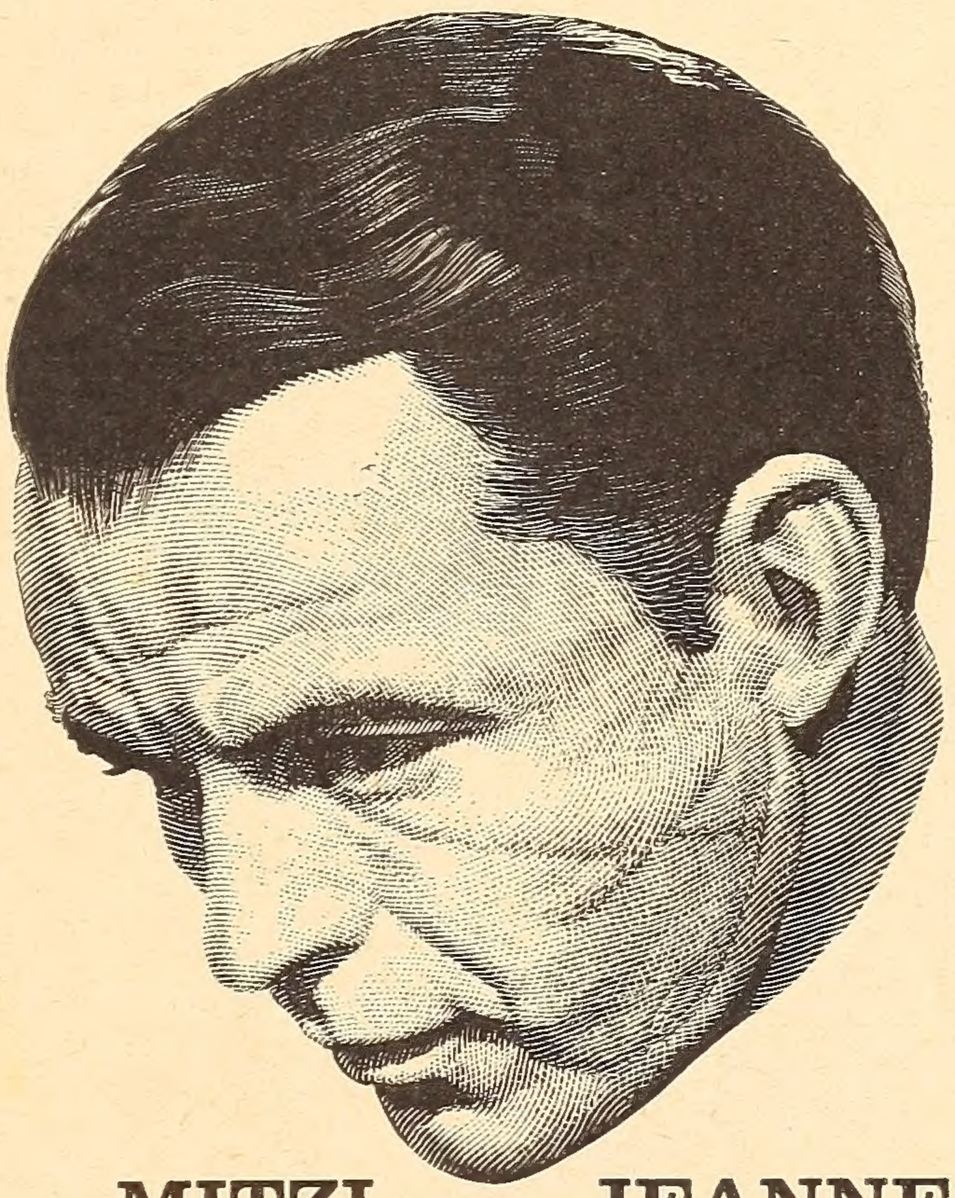




SUDDENLY A SPOTLIGHT TURNS...AND IN THE LIMELIGHT'S GLARE, THE HEART OF AN ENTERTAINER IS CANDIDLY REVEALED!

FRANK SINATRA

Now he stands alone...the most electric personality of our time slams home his most shocking and realistic performance!



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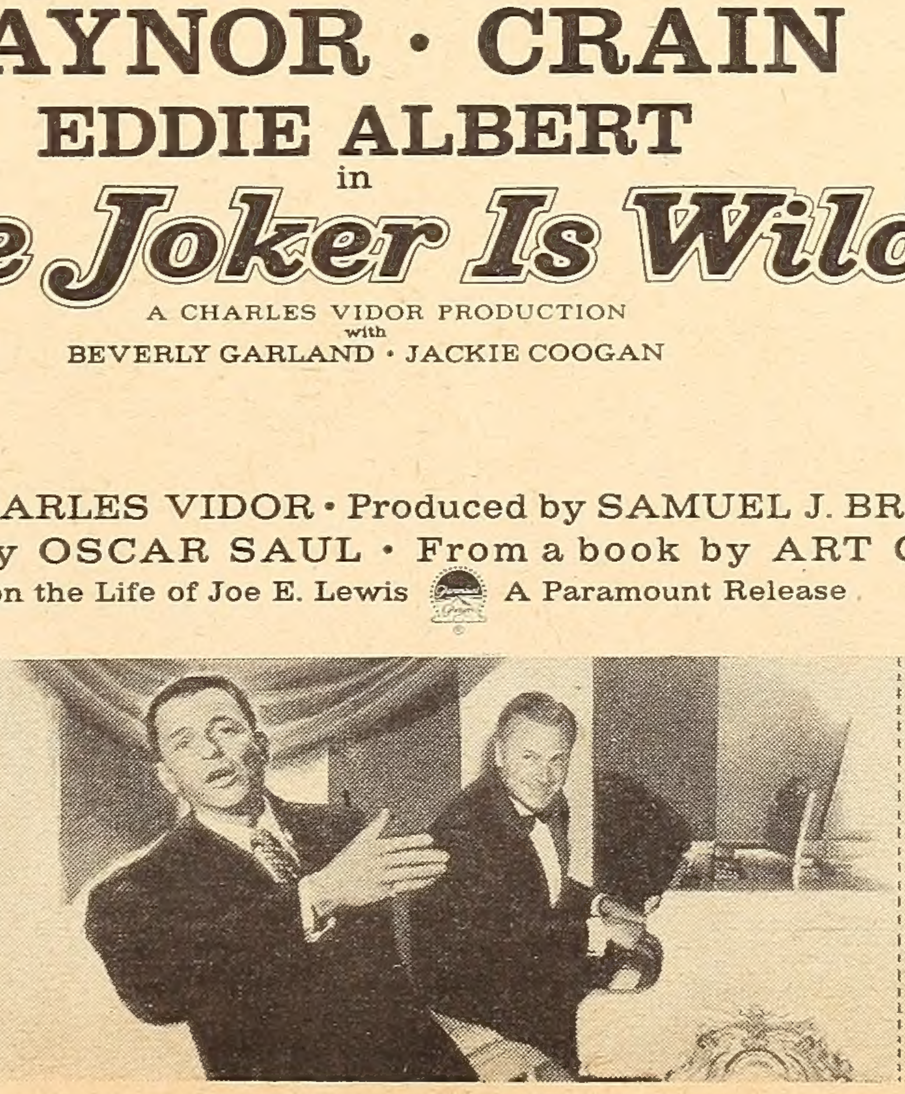
in

The Joker Is Wild

A CHARLES VIDOR PRODUCTION
with
BEVERLY GARLAND · JACKIE COOGAN

Directed by CHARLES VIDOR · Produced by SAMUEL J. BRISKIN
Screenplay by OSCAR SAUL · From a book by ART COHN
Based on the Life of Joe E. Lewis · A Paramount Release









She was
pert, happy,
vivacious.
She chatted
about her
plans, about
Elvis,
about the
future.
She was full
of life, full
of hope...



The film was finished, and Judy Tyler heard Elvis Presley's words of good-bye —and neither of them knew the meaning the words would have, so soon . . .

Judy Tyler's LAST INTERVIEW

by Marcia Borie

■ It was the Fourth of July and hot and I had to work. The night before, I'd gotten a phone call from MODERN SCREEN asking me if I couldn't please have my Elvis Presley story in as soon as possible. I began to work. *"I feel a lonely feeling finishing the picture"*— I typed the words—El's words. I stopped. Somehow something was wrong—I couldn't get past those few words. I had talked with Elvis only a few days earlier and I had a lot of good stuff. But, still, I had a funny feeling. As if the typewriter keys were fighting my fingers. As if someone was telling me I shouldn't be writing that story now, not right now. I looked up and noticed the newspaper lying, folded, on the couch. It was a Los Angeles afternoon paper and it had been delivered a little while earlier. I saw the word *Presley* splashed across one of the headlines.

"I wonder what he's done," I thought to myself as I picked up the paper.

PRESLEY'S LEADING LADY DIES IN CRASH

A chill—a very cold chill—raced up my neck. *It couldn't be her,* I said to myself. I saw a dark-haired girl in a straw bonnet, very young, very pretty, very bright. She was laughing and as she laughed her eyes twinkled so merrily you would have thought she was the happiest girl in the world—which she had every right to be.

It couldn't be Judy, I thought, but it was. . . . It happened in a little town named Billy the Kid, Wyoming, on July 4th.

ACTRESS JUDY TYLER, 24, LEADING LADY IN ELVIS PRESLEY'S LATEST PICTURE WAS KILLED HERE YESTERDAY ALONG WITH HER ACTOR HUSBAND AND ANOTHER MOTORIST . . .

Two weeks earlier, to the day, I'd had lunch with Judy in the MGM commissary. It was part of my research on the Elvis story—I'd wanted to talk to someone who'd worked with him recently and Judy had been suggested as the perfect person to do the talking.

"She's wonderful," a publicity man at the studio had told me, "we're all crazy about her, she's so cooperative. Just crazy about her."

And now she was dead.

I sat down in front of my typewriter a few minutes later. I looked over at my (*Cont'd on page 8*)

Sally's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-107, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



All Drugstores have Midol

Judy Tyler's last interview

(*Continued from page 7*) notes, piled high to one side. For a while, I didn't touch them—didn't want to touch them. Then, slowly, I picked them up and went through them till I came to a batch headed: *J. Tyler, June 19.*

I began to read them.

They read exactly like this—

Wearing black pedal pushers, pastel blouse and floppy straw hat with yellow ribbons. Mighty cute. "Don't tell anybody," Judy grinned, "but I swiped the hat from wardrobe. I can see it all now . . . the studio cop at the gate will probably stop me when I drive off the lot today and accuse me of trying to make off with stolen goods! But I won't give it back," she continued, laughing. "I've fallen in love with it."

Then she looked at the studio publicist, Johnny Rothwell, who joined us for lunch, and said sort of seriously, "Say, you don't *really* think they'll care if I keep it, do you?" She was assured that Metro could afford to part with one straw hat.

"You know I feel kind of funny, this being my last official working day on the lot for a while. But I've got a big summer ahead of me. I'm going to do summer stock. *Pajama Game, Desire Under the Elms* at Provincetown, then *Sabrina.* But first I'm going on a personal appearance tour for *Bop Girl* and in between I'm doing *Pantomime Quiz* on TV. *Bop Girl Goes Calypso* was my first picture . . . we made the whole picture in six days! But it was fun. However, I must admit that at MGM I've had some time to turn around. You know, here I've been treated like I was the greatest star that ever walked. It's a wonderful studio. I adore it.

Elvis—the living end

"As for Elvis—well, he's a doll. The living end! Everybody who meets him falls madly in love with him."

"Did you, Judy?"

"I said *everybody* falls in love with him," Judy smiled. "He's fantastic, just a fabulous boy. You know I think the most astounding thing was the reaction of the crew to both Elvis and me. They're the people that count, you know. If the technicians don't like you, you know it! They're the people who've watched stars come and go. To me they're more important here than anyone else. To get a reaction from those guys, to look high up at the men on the lights above the set and see tears coming down their cheeks—it's the greatest reward I know. It's fine for the big wheels to be nice to you and pay you compliments; that's part of their job. But these technicians, they're well paid to do a specialized job and that's all. And when they started doing extra things for Elvis and me, I knew we'd made the grade.

"But, let me tell you more about Elvis. His dramatic potentials are fabulous. This is only his third picture and you can tell he has a brilliant future ahead of him . . . as an actor. It's honestly something he wants very much. We had a ball on set. He bought this little foreign car, a Messerschmidt—the kind that you have to lift the top off to get out. Well, it was so tiny we'd climb into it and drive right on the set, right up to the camera, then jump out and say, 'Well, we're ready.'

"He's a born kibitzer, you know. And his singing in this picture is great. There's one number he sings called *Young and Beautiful.* Every time he sang it I bawled like a baby. I'd completely break up. And then he'd rock with *Treat Me Nice*—here she did a few Presley-type movements—well, I used to move around, too, and tell him that 'I do Elvis better than he does!'

"When we were shooting or when we were between takes or at lunch we had a chance to talk. Usually it was a pretty serious discussion. Sometimes we'd sing, play records and dance. A lot of times we'd have a constant jam session. We really made a lot of noise . . . I don't think MGM has ever been so alive!

"Actually, though, there was a lot of business to be attended to and we didn't get a chance to do too much relaxing. But El and I did get in our share of serious talks. We'd start in, get all wound up. They'd call us for a scene—then we'd come back and pick up with our conversation right where we left off.

"You know, Elvis is crazy about people in show business. Me, I've been in it for eleven years. Elvis used to sort of look at me in awe and say, 'Gee, I've only been in this business two years and you . . . well . . . I've got a lot of things to learn.' Or whenever he'd see anybody well known, he'd go up to them and smile sort of shy-like and say, 'I used to see you in the movies all the time when I was a kid!' One thing's for sure—Elvis isn't wrapped up in himself. He's interested in everything and everybody.

"Another thing that's amazing about a personality like Elvis, a guy the girls go wild over, is that men like him too. One day I heard it was really something. I wasn't working that day . . . they were shooting a fight scene and only the men were working. It was a real rough scene and all the biggest, huskiest stunt men in the business were on the set. When the scene was over there was Elvis in the middle of this group of husky guys and they were all crowding around him asking for his autograph. That's unusual in this business.

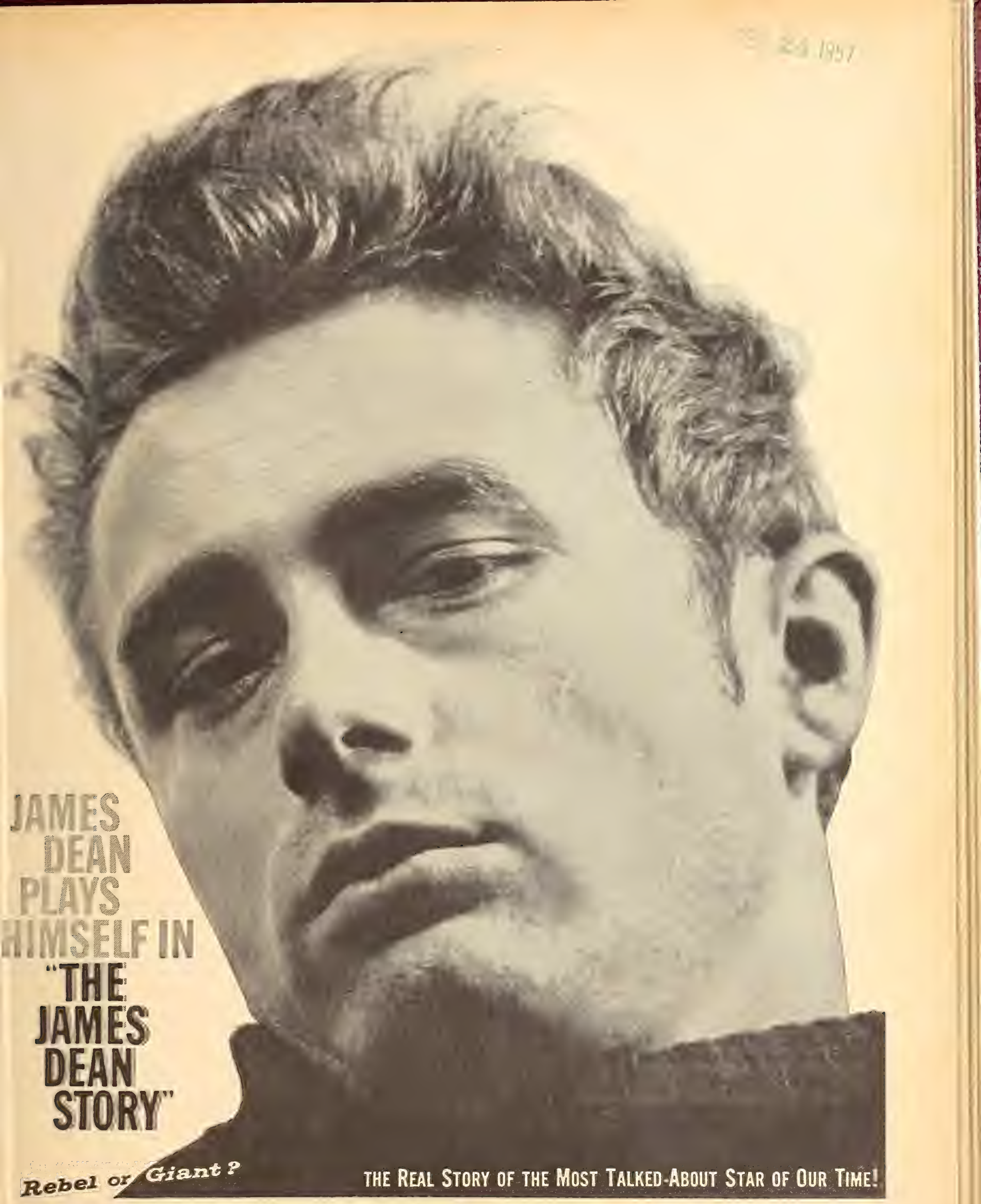
"I had to see you"

"That's an example of someone else's reaction to him. Now I'll tell you *mine.* Hhe was very gracious to me and gave me a lot of leeway when we were making the picture. He didn't pull any of this star routine or try to act big-time. Why, last week I really caused a lot of commotion on the set. I was supposed to leave the room and he was to follow me out. I went out the wrong way and walked right through a plate glass (*Continued on page 10*

AUDIE MURPHY

Audie Murphy, on the whole, is a pretty tolerant guy . . . as long as you remember to keep your cotton pickin' hands offa his life!

I LOVE	I HATE
Strauss waltzes	Cutting flowers
Strong tea	TV commercials
Texas	Orange marmalade
Candlelight	Picking cotton
Boats	Breakfast
Charles Russell's paintings	Hate
Skin diving	Being quizzed about unimportant, incidental things
Ireland (even though I've never been there)	Writing letters
Electric trains	Blabbermouth Texans
Ocean breezes	Girls in blue jeans (even the cute ones)
Thunderstorms	Prejudice
California	Belligerent inebriates
The smell of freshly plowed soil	KP
Hikes in the woods	Practical jokers



A DIFFERENT KIND OF MOTION PICTURE – A THRILL TO REMEMBER! presented by WARNER BROS

Hear **TOMMY SANDS** *sing* **"LET ME BE LOVED"**

Written by STEWART STERN
who wrote the screen play for 'Rebel Without A Cause

Produced and Directed by
GEORGE W GEORGE and ROBERT ALTMAN.

OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in October, you're sharing it with:

October 2—**Bud Abbott**
October 4—**Felicia Farr**
Charlton Heston
October 5—**Skip Homeier**
October 7—**June Allyson**
Glynis Johns
October 10—**Richard Jaeckel**
October 13—**Laraine Day**
October 15—**Jean Peters**
October 16—**William Elliott**
Angela Lansbury
October 17—**Montgomery Clift**
Spring Byington
Julie Adams
October 19—**George Nader**
October 23—**Coleen Gray**
October 27—**Leif Erickson**
Teresa Wright
October 30—**William Campbell**
October 31—**Dale Evans**



Diana Lynn
October 7



Cornel Wilde
October 13



Linda Darnell
October 16



Rita Hayworth
October 17



Joan Fontaine
October 22



Jack Carson
October 27

Your birthstone is an opal.

Your flower is a calendula.

If you want to send your favorite stars a birthday card, write to them in care of their studio. If you're not certain which studio they are with, write the stars c/o SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

(*Continued from page 8*) door. Elvis grabbed me immediately. I wasn't hurt very much, luckily. I was more embarrassed than anything else. But I knew it would hold up production and I kept saying 'I'm sorry.' Elvis kept holding me and trying to soothe me. The director, Mr. Thorpe, insisted they take me to the studio infirmary. So off I went. I hadn't been in bed a minute when there was a knock on the door. Elvis came in. He was all out of breath. The infirmary is clear on the other side of the lot. But Elvis had dashed up to his dressing room, changed his clothes and had run all the way over. He was the first person from the set to come in. He stood at the door and I could tell he felt worse than I did. He had his hands in his pockets, and he looked up at me and said, simply, 'I just had to come over and see if you were okay. Is there anything I can do?'

"You see, there is a bond between us. This was El's first picture at METRO and mine, too. We were both sort of nervous at first. There was a lot of tension and strain. So we got into the habit of talking to each other about a lot of things aside from work. It made us both relax a little and broke down our fears. It was the beginning of a very real friendship and a real relationship. Elvis has a very serious side that a lot of people, who don't know him, never get to see. He has a very soft and gracious heart. And he's *very* religious.

Toward one goal, together

"There's one memorable incident in *Jailhouse* that does stand out in my mind. We had one particularly emotional scene to do. We did it toward the end of the production schedule. We started the scene at ten in the morning. It's not easy to be emotional at that hour! Anyway, in this scene Elvis has been hurt and is in the hospital. Mickey Shaughnessy and I go to the hospital to see him. It was a real rough scene. Elvis had been operated on and the operation had been a success. But there was a possibility that he would never be able to sing again. Elvis plays the part of a kid who becomes a singing sensation. Mickey is the cause of the injury. He and Elvis had been fighting. The fight was over me. I play a record distributor who has sort of been responsible for Elvis' career up to the point where he becomes a really big star and then my only job is to see that he cuts his records. Anyway, Mickey talks to Elvis, who is lying in this hospital bed. He pleads for forgiveness. He apologizes. It gets very emotional. I'm supposed to feel funny, too. I don't know exactly what to say. So I make small talk for a moment and then I look at El and ask simply, 'How are you? How do you feel?' Then I break down and tell him I love him. It's the only time in the picture that I tell him that. I say, 'Don't be afraid of love . . . because I love you.' When we got through with the scene the set was quiet. Everywhere we looked people were crying. I felt so blue that I had a crying jag the whole day. And when we went to see the daily rushes—wow! Usually Elvis and I and some of the rest of the people would go in to see the rushes and we would stomp and cheer and cut up and act silly. But the day we saw the rushes on that scene everyone walked out silently, all choked up. I'll never forget it. As an actress it taught me a good lesson. I've studied acting with a lot of people, including Lee Strasberg at the ACTORS' STUDIO. I've always been told that there's something special about playing an emotional scene. Don't push or force it. If the tears don't come naturally, then don't try. If you force an emotion the audience can spot it just like that (she snapped her fingers). So you see our experience in making this picture shows how close we must have all been. Elvis and the rest of the cast and crew . . . we had su a terrific sense of being a team . . . working for one goal, together. Our clos ness caused that mass bawling sessio

Her last scene

"Actually, having crying jags isn't usual thing with me. An actress has learn to control her emotions. The only e perience I can think of that was anythi like the one with El happened when I w doing *Pipe Dream* on Broadway. Closi night it was awful. There's a song I sa called *Everybody's Got a Home But M* On closing night when I sang that numb I sort of broke up. When I finished t song there was total silence from the auc ence. I was stunned for a moment . . . a then I heard a thunderous burst of a plause. I had my reward—they liked m

"You know, I'll never close another sh again on Broadway. It's just too ner wracking, too much of a strain. I'll just my understudy play closing night. Whi reminds me, I played in *Pipe Dream* f seven months, eight times a week pl eight weeks on the road before we l Broadway and I never missed a perfor ance, except for once. I've never told an body the story but I guess it's all ov now so it doesn't make much differen Well, toward the end of the engagemen got to feeling sorry for my understuc She hadn't gotten a chance to go on. She look at me and know that even if I w dying I would never miss a performan She never said anything, though, and wanted her to have the thrill of doi the show for a Broadway audience. O day I picked up the phone and called h 'You'd better get over to the theatre in hurry . . . you're going on tonight.' She w shocked and kept asking me if I was su And I kept telling her I felt terril and knew I couldn't make it. After that phoned a few critics and some produce and told them it was important for the to catch the show that night. Then I call the stage manager and told him my unde study was going on, that I was sick a just couldn't make it. I don't think he b lieved me. But I just had to give this g a chance.

"Anyway, to get back to the picture w Elvis . . . I made a little curtain speech b fore my last scene in the film. I think sums up how I feel. Before the shot w ready to be taken I said to the direct 'Mr. Thorpe, can I say something? I wa to thank all of you for giving me one the greatest experiences of my career. I giving me your patience, your toleran your kindness . . . I love you all.'

"I feel a lonely feeling"

I put down my notes. I closed my ey I tried to erase the memory of that pret smiling face from my mind. It didn't much good. When I opened my eyes found them riveted on the piece of pa still in my typewriter.

The talk I'd had with Elvis a few da after my interview with Judy, the day t picture was being completed . . . I'd ask Elvis what his thoughts were on this, last day of the picture. Now I looked my notes and re-read what he'd said. feel a lonely feeling about finishing picture," he'd said, "sort of sad leav everybody. You know, when you mak picture you get to know the people r well. But on the last day like this . . . w I feel sort of funny, like maybe I won't some of these people anymore."

Elvis didn't know it at the time, but f was going to deal a terrible blow to one those people.

No, El didn't know how right he was.

Judy can soon be seen in MGM's I GIRL GOES CALYPSO. *Judy and Elvis soon be seen in MGM's* JAILHOUSE RO

The best fun throughout the ages and the raciest hit of the Broadway stage is

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The Pajama Game !!!



Heinzie--the slacker who lost his slacks!

How they play the 'Pajama Game' on that picnic in the woods!

Sid--the 'Hey There' hero who blew his top!

Gladys--the 'Steam Heat' girl!

starring

Doris Day

as 'Babe'—and the wonderful cast of the Broadway play!

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with Reta Shaw • Screen Play by GEORGE ABBOTT and RICHARD BISSELL

Produced and Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT and STANLEY DONEN

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Produced by Brisson Griffith and Prince

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Movie Star, INC.

392 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen. 10 West 33rd Street, New York 1. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q How old is **Rex Harrison?**
—E.R., NYC

A *Forty-nine.*

Q Why is **Jerry Lewis** leaving Hollywood for Connecticut?
—E.H., DALLAS, TEX.

A *He claims he doesn't like the petty gossip.*

Q Does **Elvis Presley** flirt with all of his leading ladies in the movies? I mean off-stage?
—T.R., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A *Elvis is a regular Don Juan, in there pitching all the time.*

Q Can you tell me how come **Mitzi Gaynor** got the lead in *South Pacific?* Also how much she is getting for it?
—S.T., DETROIT, MICH.

A *Mitzi tested for the role, and was liked by Rodgers and Hammerstein; is getting $100,000.*

Q Why does **Yul Brynner** make up all those stories about his background?
—O.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A *He is not particularly proud of his true one.*

Q Now that **Jackie Gleason** is finished with TV, what will he do?
—H.R., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

A *Gleason plans to star in several movies.*

Q Does Hollywood think the **Liz Taylor-Mike Todd** marriage will last?
—F.T., DENVER, COL.

A *Five years, they say in Hollywood, will be a long time.*

Q Didn't **Frank Sinatra** give his daughter Nancy a pink Thunderbird for her 17th birthday? Won't that spoil her?
—V.T., SANTA FE, N.M.

A *Despite the Thunderbird, Nancy's schoolmates say she is "not too spoiled."*

Q Who has less hair, **Marlon Brando** or **Frank Sinatra?**
—E.L., LOUISVILLE, KY.

A *Both are rapidly growing bald.*

Q I thought the **Terry Moore-Gene McGrath** marriage was so happy. How come she filed for divorce?
—K.T., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

A *Terry confessed she'd been unhappy for months; is still trying to save the marriage.*

Q Will you identify for me the movie stars whose real names are Emanuel Goldenberg, Eugene McNulty, Alfred Cocozza, Betty Weinstein, Donna Jaden?
—N.T., BANGOR, ME.

A *Goldenberg is* **Edward G. Robinson;** *McNulty is* **Dennis Day;** *Cocozza is* **Mario Lanza;** *Weinstein is* **Lauren Bacall;** *Jaden is* **Janis Paige.**

Q Can **Audrey Hepburn** really play the cello as she did in the motion picture *Love In The Afternoon?*
—H.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A *She is more pianist than cellist.*

Q Who are the shortest top-flight actors in movies today?
—H.R., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

A Mickey Rooney, Edward G. Robinson, Alan Ladd.

Q Wasn't **Patricia Neal,** who stars in *A Face in the Crowd,* the girl who was once so terribly in love with **Gary Cooper?** How come Cooper never marries any of the girls he goes with?
—F.L., RALEIGH, N.C.

A *Patricia Neal was once a close friend of Cooper's. Cooper is a married man.*

Q Joan Crawford recently said that she didn't believe teenagers made up most of today's movie audience. Was she right or wrong?
—C.O., DALLAS, TEX.

A *To date surveys show she is wrong.*

Q Is it true that **Dean Martin** had **Tony Randall** removed from *The Young Lions* because he wanted the part?
—S.R., ELY, NEV.

A *Martin got the part through his agents, MCA.*

Q Whatever happened to **Piper Laurie?**
—H.O., HOUSTON, TEX.

A *Piper will be seen shortly in* UNTIL THEY SAIL.

Q Does **Anita Ekberg** support her husband, Anthony Steele?
—K.Y., LONDON, ENG.

A *No, but Steele has had bad employment luck since leaving the* RANK ORGANIZATION.

Q Did **Maurice Chevalier** turn down a big role in *Around the World in 80 Days?*
—M.T., BIG SPRINGS, TEX.

A *He turned down a small role.*

Q *Doesn't* **Gene Kelly** *wear a hair-piece?*
—G.D., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A *Only in movies.*

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IN THIS SECTION

★ Four Marvelous Parties

★ Tailspin Over Tommy Sands

★ "I'm On My Soap Box"

★ Ingrid's Reunion With Pia



Doris and Marty Came to My Party

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

Parties caught Hollywood's limelight this month—but life in our town was not all laughs for all our friends . . .



Partying was in the air, and I found just the perfect excuse for having one—the birthday of my good friend, Jimmy McHugh—and three other good friends, too!

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN PARTIES, and I do mean such *wonderful* parties!—informal, formal, indoors, outdoors. It's made this Hollywood's gayest summer social season.

With all the party excitement in the air, I got in the mood myself and decided it was high time that I gave a soirée. I chose the day of composer Jimmy McHugh's birthday as the occasion—and as four others of my friends were born the same date, it really turned out to be a *birthdays* party for Jimmy, columnist Mike Connolly, hotel man Hernando Courtright and real estate man John Haskell.

My garden obliged by looking its very prettiest with the roses, sweet peas and the bougainvillaea vines at their bloomingest! Although it was a cocktail party between the hours of five and eight, music and singing was filling the air far into the late hours of the evening, and many of the two hundred guests stayed on and on.

Young **Tommy Sands** and his favorite date **Molly Bee** were among the guests, and what a thrill it was to hear them sing some of the loveliest of the McHugh tunes both solo and dueting.

Tommy told me, "I don't usually sing at parties—but I'm just in the mood"—which certainly delighted my hostess' heart.

After that, it was a veritable *show* with such wonderful singers as Joan Weldon; the adorable recording stars, The Paris Sisters, and Elaine Christie—who has a fantastic range of four octaves—thrilling us all as they sang number after number.

Doris Day, who laughingly told me she's beginning to like parties so much she and Marty Melcher are usually the first to arrive and the last to leave, came early. She looked so pretty in a blue sheath and matching blue sweater.

I've seldom seen **Judy Garland** look so chic. She wore a straight black linen dress topped by a large brimmed white hat—so becoming.

The place really started jumping when **Rosalind Russell,** just back from her sensational success on Broadway in **Auntie Mame,** burst upon the scene with her handsome husband Freddie Brisson. Roz never just *arrives* at a party. She's so vivacious and electric it's like a curtain going up everywhere she appears.

I couldn't believe it when she told me, "I'm *bone* tired. I'm taking a good rest before starting *Auntie Mame* on the screen." I wonder what her secret is that she never looks or acts tired?

Jayne Mansfield, in a dress that outlined her figure but which was not at all low cut—for Jayne—gave me a private chuckle I have remonstrated with her in print abou her too-revealing gowns. So I guess when sh accepted my invitation she decided to dres conservatively. I like this girl. She is ver regular and likable. Of course Mickey Har gitay came with Jayne, and also her mothe —a most delightful woman.

Although it was a very warm afternoon **Dana Wynter** was way ahead of the sea son in a black dress, black Caracul jacke and black hat. She and Greg Bautzer ar sooooo in love, and starting their second yea of marriage.

Ann Blyth looked like an angel in white dress, and you'd never have guesse from her slender outline that she and Di McNulty are expecting their third child i a few months.

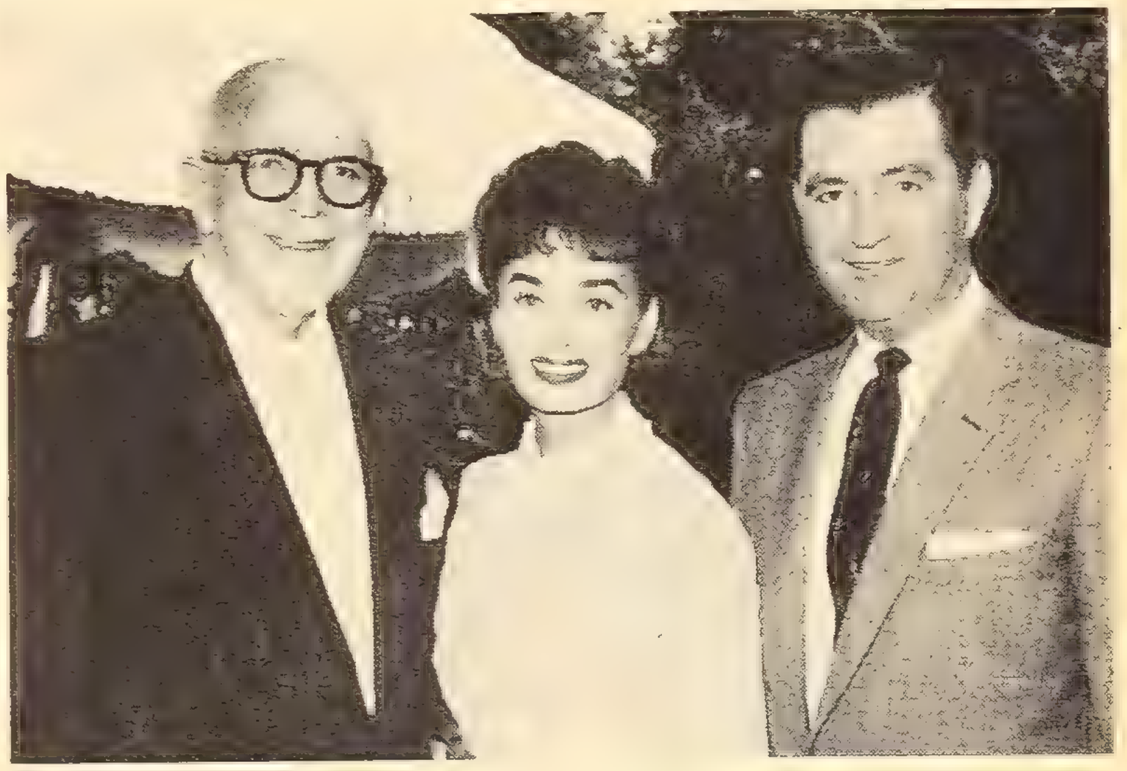
Two of my dearest and closest friends cam early, **Irene Dunne** and **Maureen O'Sul livan.** Maureen was with her director hus band, John Farrow, and they brought Admira and Mrs. Moss. Irene's guest was a delightfu visiting priest. Her husband, Dr. Frank Gri fin, was recuperating from an illness.

Pat Boone's Shirley came to my part with her nineteen-year-old sister, Mrs. Henr Hurt, who is also expecting a baby.

"Just three weeks before I knew I wa



Judy Garland and Roz Russell share a hearty chuckle, perhaps over one of the trials that Judy encountered hostessing her own party!



And here's Jimmy McHugh, the birthday lad himself, thanking Ann Blyth and her husband, Dr. James McNulty, for their good wishes.



That pretty girl under that pretty hat is the talented Erin O'Brien. Mervyn LeRoy stopped to chat with her at my party.



You wouldn't think that Pat Boone's missus, Shirley, would be, but she is! An autograph collector, that is. Tommy Sands signs, while Molly watches.



My two good friends, looking like they haven't had any birthdays themselves for years, came to celebrate with me—Clifton Webb and Irene Dunne.



Don Loper played host too, and here he is with his lovely guest of honor, TV's Betty Furness—who's visiting us from New York—and the beautiful Rhonda Fleming.

going to have another baby, I gave Julie all my maternity clothes," laughed lovely Shirley.

Pat was in Kentucky on location for *April Love* and Shirley told me she missed him dreadfully. "We've been together just one weekend in the past month. I joined him in Denver for the première of *Bernardine* for three days. But his schedule is so packed and he's moving around so fast it would tire me to try and keep up," Shirley explained to me.

Later on, I got such a kick out of watching her going around getting autographs from all the stars present. She's really movie crazy and such a fan.

When I saw her asking Tommy Sands—supposed to be a rival of Pat's with the teenagers—for his autograph, I laughed, "Wait till I tell Pat about this!"

Shirley herself jumps into the recording business just as soon as she has her baby. Being Red Foley's daughter, it isn't at all surprising that she has a sweet singing voice —and Pat is all for her having a career if she wants it.

Among others who came and helped make my party a success were producers Jack Warner, Buddy Adler, Charles Brackett, Mervyn Le Roy and many others I love and admire.

THE FIRST PERSON I RAN INTO when I entered designer Don Loper's beautiful new home filled with priceless antiques —there's not a thing in the place newer than 1840, including ash trays—was **June Allyson.** She was just coming out of the powder room.

"You just won't believe it, but Don's even got an antique crystal chandelier in the powder room," June whispered to me with awe in her voice. "If *that* isn't the height of luxury, what is?"

Don's cocktail party was really to welcome



Dick Powell, looking just as happy as he's feeling, chats with Monica Lewis—while Jennings Lang listens too.



Ann Rutherford was just leaving as Claudette Colbert walked in. And it's obvious the girls were mighty glad they hadn't missed each other. That's Bill Dozier looking on.

FINAL MARKETS
SPECIAL
SPORTS REVIEW

The News Chronicle

NATION'S HEADLINE DAILY

PAGE 1

SECTION 1

VOTED BEST DRESSED WOMAN OF YEAR



Casual Elegance Keynotes New Collec

The most significant feature of the new fashions for winter is an air of casual elegance, underscored by a feeling of genuine comfort. Women simply won't be confined by clothes that make unreasonable demands on their figures, or hamper their freedom in any way.

Significant of the new trend toward ease of movement is the latest development in bras by Maidenform. At last there's a bra on the market that satisfies fashion's most exacting requirements for high rounded contours, while it releases the wearer from the pressures and tensions of ordinary bras. Smart women are planning to feature this bra in their fashion future. It's a born headline-maker.

New Silhouettes Are Relaxed

The continuing importance of the blouson is felt more strongly than ever this season. Combined with the casual fit of the new suits, the middy dress, and the plumbline sheath that falls straight-from-the-shoulder, this fashion has opened the way for a new era in undergarments. The accent is on a silhouette which remains effective even underneath the looser fashions. Since the cut of a dress can no longer be depended upon to enhance the bustline, a new kind of bra was required which could do the job on its own. And, the greater comfort of the relaxed fashions has resulted in a demand for action-free under-garments.

In response to these new requirements, Maidenform has created Concerto Tri-Line, a bra whose circular stitched cups mound the contour, and whose three-point straps offer an entirely new concept in comfort. These straps actually remove any trace of pressure from the shoulders, while they accent the outline of the contour. What is even more remarkable, the straps criss-cross in the center to make the bra cling where clung counts, thus giving a really smooth separation.

Jackets Open Up . . . Blouses Put On A Bold Front

Chanel has made the influence of the thirties the starting point of the new look. Prominent in this Chanel influence is the strong return of blouses as a definite part of the ensemble. Suit jackets are worn open this year, and blouses are bursting forth in every fabric, both printed and plain.

The new emphasis on blouses focuses attention on another part of the wardrobe . . . the bra beneath the blouse. The beauty of the blouse is determined largely by the grace and contour of the figure that wears it. It has been found by stylists that the clear, curry outline offered by Concerto Tri-Line, as well as the superior separation, best defines this season's blouse profile.

Fichus and Frills Strongly Flavored

There's a definite feeling for feminine touches, exemplified by the soft fichus on the new chiffon blouses, and the lace collars and cuffs on afternoon dresses. Undergarments, too, have been influenced by the new trend. For example, Maidenform Concerto Tri-Line, although a functional bra in every respect, is delicately frosted with a flutter of lace to match the mood of the new fashions. It also goes particularly well with the fashions that feature ruffles or jabots over the bodice front. Ordinarily, these features might tend to make the figure look bulky, but Concerto Tri-Line's unusual straps tack the bra to the figure smoothly, providing an ideal foil for all the frills a woman could wish for.

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Hand in hand with the new fabrics

contours of Maidenform

Line have become a

Fifth Avenue and the Lanes. Designers are cutting them on the

to make the most of the relaxed effect

Hand in hand with the

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The Accent Is On Accessories . . . Strapped Shoes, Rope Jewelry

Fur-Trimmed Fashions Are Favored

Furs are such an important part of the new soft-fabric scene that deserve a section all to themselves. Knits have

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WHAT JIMMY DEAN BELIEVED



■ Several years ago, the press agent for the Broadway play, *See The Jaguar*, suggested I interview one of the show's young stars on a Sunday evening program I was handling for a New York radio station. "His name's Jimmy Dean," the p.a. told me.

Dean was ten minutes early for our interview. We talked about his boyhood in Indiana; how he starred in high school track, baseball, and basketball; his interest in college dramatics; and why he suddenly decided to quit UCLA and get a career going the hard way—by way of a coach ticket to New York with only a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket.

But long after the program was over, I kept remembering the serious minded, friendly, handsome young kid—and the one thing that had made a very deep impression on me: he had brought a book along with him—about the Aztec Indians!

Now, theatrical crackpots might carry a book on anything from *Mah Jong* to *Life on Jupiter*, just to attract attention. But Dean impressed me as a level-headed youngster and I told him frankly that I was curious about his choice in literature.

"Well," he somewhat reluctantly explained, "I've always been fascinated by the Aztec Indians. They were a very fatalistic people, and I sometimes share that feeling. They had such a weird sense of doom that when the war-like Spaniards arrived in Mexico a lot of the Aztecs just gave up, fatalistically, to an event they believed couldn't be avoided."

"Like the Arab philosophy of Kismet?" I asked, "*what is written, is written?*"

"And for them, the arrival of the Spaniards *was* written!" Dean went on, his enthusiasm bubbling to the surface. "They had a legend that their god Quetzalcoatl had predicted they would be conquered by strange visitors from another land!"

"Well, no wonder they were fatalistic about it then," I said. "But what's this about *your* being fatalistic, too?"

"In a certain sense I am," Dean admitted. "I don't exactly know how to explain it, but I have a hunch there are some things in life we just can't avoid. They'll happen to us, probably because we're built that way—we simply attract our own fate . . . make our own destiny."

"Doesn't that sort of thinking bother you? Don't you find it depressing?"

"Not a bit!" Dean insisted. "I think I'm like the Aztecs in that respect, too. With their sense of doom, they tried to get the most out of life while life was good; and I go along with them on that philosophy. I don't mean the *eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we die* idea, but something a lot deeper and more valuable. I want to live as intensely as I can. Be as useful and helpful to others as possible, for one thing. But live for myself as well. I want to feel things and experiences right down to their roots . . . enjoy the good in life while it is good.

"That's how those Aztecs felt.

"They were a happy people," he went on. "Very hospitable, generous to one another, and extremely fond of beauty and music. They simply tried to enjoy every minute of life while it was good—feeling that it would change soon enough."

When Jimmy Dean died, in the same California hills where archaeologists tell us the Aztecs originated, I got to thinking of the day we talked about the love of beauty and the sense of fatalism that he shared with his beloved Aztecs.

Jack Shafer

Jimmy can now be seen in Warner Bros. THE JAMES DEAN STORY.

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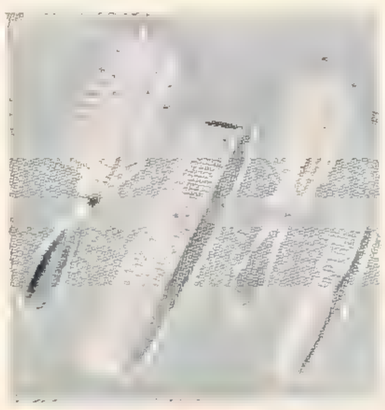




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He made a vow—and one day it came true.

"I'll put your name in Lights"

■ There's many a tale going the rounds about the cigar-chewing producer who whispered to the little lady, "Baby, I'll put your name up in lights—" You know how *that* story ends! But there's one producer who said that—maybe without chewing a cigar and certainly without the '*Baby*'—and did it too!

His name is Kirk Douglas, and the lady he said it to—well this is how the story started . . . so many years ago.

It started the first time Kirk's mother went to see her son in a play, but it was a dream she had shared with him for many years.

After the performance, when she sat in his dressing room and watched him grease off the make-up, she whispered, "To see my son's name spelled out in lights . . ." Lights as bright as the ones she had watched for, standing at a ship's railing, so many years before when she had left Russia to look for a better life in a new country. Lights so much brighter than the dim bulb that used to wake her son, a few years later, for his dawn paper delivering; lights so much stronger than the shaded lamp they had sat under that first time Kirk—a young man, already!—had said, "I got a full-time job, Mama, but I don't want to take it. I want to be an actor."

His mother had answered, "Then you will study to be an actor; you will not take the job." That was what she had said, while she thought *where will the money come from to buy even food?* And then she thought, *We will manage! It will come!*

And now, "To see my son's name spelled out in lights," she whispered again in the dressing room of the theatre.

"It should be your name, Mama," Kirk answered. Then he turned around slowly, "Some day . . . *I'll* put *your* name in lights."

Years later, after Kirk went on to success after success as an actor, his mother got a letter from him—and a photograph. The picture was of a Hollywood theatre marquee, with lights that blazed out

Bryna Productions Presents

BRYNA PRODUCTIONS was Kirk's new independent producing unit. And *Bryna*—that's Kirk's mother's name, spelled out in lights—just like the producer promised.

Kirk's in MGM's Lust For Life, *Paramount's* Gunfight At The OK Corral, *UA's* The Vikings *and* Paths Of Glory.



■ One morning a few weeks ago, I got a phone call from a well-known agent, who also happens to be a personal friend of mine. "Dave," he said, "I am holding in my hand right now a story about Jimmy Dean that's gonna . . ."

"Forget it, Phil," I said quickly. "There aren't going to be any more Dean stories in MODERN SCREEN."

"But this story, Dave, it . . ."

"Look, Phil," I said, "come September 30th Jimmy will have been dead two years. Why don't we all just let him rest in peace? Furthermore, all of his close friends have already said everything important there is to be said about Jimmy. They loved him. They'll never forget him. That's it."

"This isn't written by any close friend of Jimmy's. It's by his mechanic, Rolf Wütherich. He is the only person in the whole world who was actually with Jimmy when it happened. Rolf was right there on the seat beside him. Well, he's out of the hospital at last, and . . ."

"You mean this guy Rolf was in the actual crash?"

"That's what I mean, Dave."

"Well how did it really happen? I mean, what's he say? I'd like to know that and so would our readers."

"Meet me for lunch," Phil said, "and I'll let you read the story. Then you'll know what really happened on Jimmy's last ride."

So Phil and I met for lunch. I didn't say much to him—I was too busy reading the story. I left my sandwich untouched on the plate and my coffee got cold. When I was finished, Phil said, "What do you think?"

For a moment I had trouble focusing on his face. I was still inside the world of the story, still with Jimmy on that last tragic day. Then I said, "I'll buy it, of course. And Phil, I've never thanked you for bringing me a story before. But . . . thank you."

That's how I came to buy another story about Jimmy Dean. It is probably the last big story that we will ever print on Jimmy. It begins on the next page . . .

David Myers

EDITOR

the last story about Jimmy



the only Eye-witness account



James Dean's Last Passenger Recovers— Tells Complete Story of Fateful...

DEATH DRIVE





by Rolf Wütherich

*In memorium—this second year since Jimmy Dean's death—*MODERN SCREEN *prints this story by the man who was with him at the end . . .*

When Dean, on September 30, 1955, raced to his death in his Porsche car, he was not alone. His mechanic, Rolf Wütherich, was in the seat beside him. Miraculously, Wütherich survived. He had to spend many months in the hospital. Here, for the first time, he tells the story of what really happened on that fateful day when his friend Jimmy Dean was killed . . .

■ I don't think I shall ever forget that day in September, two years ago. That was the day I rode with Jimmy Dean to his death.

I was a service mechanic for Porsche cars, and I was a very busy man indeed—film stars like fast cars, and I was experienced as a racing car mechanic in major European motor races.

That's how it happened that I was James Dean's last passenger, on that awful day when he rode to his death.

When I first met Jimmy Dean, he owned a Porsche *Speedster*, a somewhat smaller sportscar than the Porsche *Spyder* he crashed in. The *Speedster* had carried him to victory at Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and other races. It was at one of these races that I first met Jimmy. I was looking over the Porsche cars—that was my big job as a mechanic—and Jimmy and I got to talking.

I had seen him driving in another race—he hadn't been racing long, but he was a good driver: he had that essential feel for fast cars and dangerous roads. He had that sixth sense a racing driver can't do without. We talked about his car for a couple of minutes, and then he took off—for a win.

Two weeks later, I was walking along Hollywood Boulevard when I saw Jimmy Dean coming toward me. (*Continued on page* 76)



how PAT keeps his MARRIAGE VOWS



Pat's thoughtful and tender—that's how he says "I Love You."

by Vi Swisher

■ All of a sudden there was an awful, endless second of silence in the broadcasting studio. Then the disk jockey's voice broke through again, a little nervously this time. "Well, Pat, are you? Are you married?"

Pat Boone sat and stared at the microphone—and had to make a decision . . .

His DOT records—then—were just beginning to sell. His name was just beginning to be known. Success, real solid success, could be just an inch away—and it all depended on the kids . . .

The kids would hand him success—or send him back to COLUMBIA U. without a nickel in his jeans. They could make him great if they loved him enough—if enough teenage girls would go on from liking his voice, to loving the dream of him, making him part of their hopes and loves, dreaming him into their lives intimately, personally.

But would they dream about a *married* man?

Pat Boone stared at the microphone and knew how much depended on his answer.

He didn't care about being famous. Before God, he didn't. But he *did* want security, and a decent apartment—and the rent every month.

And he wanted those things because he *did* have a wife, and she was going to have a baby.

In that second of silence before he spoke, Pat Boone asked himself what his Shirley really needed. Should he admit he had a wife, and doom (*Continued on page* 69)

"Mommy, who

Ann Blyth answers her son's questions:

"Mommy, who is GOD?"

"Mommy, who is GOD?"

When my three-year-old Timmy asked that for the first time—I answered, as simply as I could, "God is love. God is everywhere." And I knew the time had come to begin my son's religious training. We do not take Timmy to church with us on Sunday mornings. There are times when you just can't ask a three-year-old to sit still. And I know if you try to force them to do something during that impressionable age, it will become something that's rebelled against in later years.

Instead, we take the children to church on afternoons, when there are no services and we can explain to them about God and His wonderful ways. We tell them the stories of Jesus and His Blessed Mother, of Joseph and the Saints. Timmy talks (next page)



"Mommy, do you love Maureen more than me?"

Ann can soon be seen in Warner Bros. The Helen Morgan Story.

continued→

Ann Blyth answers her son's questions: *continued*



"Mommy, must you work? When will you come home?"

"Mommy, can I make pictures like in the pretty book?"

to the different statues. They are his friends now. He thanks God for his meals and before bedtime we join in the Prayers—Our Father, Hail Mary and Gentle Jesus. A new prayer is read to him every week. So much is learned from what children see or hear at an early age—both Jim and I feel that a large part of teaching our children to have faith must come from us, from our children's following in our footsteps.

"Mommy, do you love Maureen more than me?"

Only once has Timmy asked that. He wanted a toy that belonged to his sister,—and was upset when we wouldn't give it to him. We explained we wouldn't take anything from him *when Maureen wanted it. But I must admit, we found that the* best *way of solving the problem was to give each child the same thing! Timmy is now at the age where he can accept the fact that one thing is his and another is his sister's, without feeling the baby is being given more love or attention than he.*

"Mommy, must you work? When will you come home?"

Timmy knows I work—but not what my work is. I've never taken him to a movie, and we strictly limit the time spent watching TV. *And should one of my oldies be scheduled, Jim and I make sure the dial is turned to another channel. He is still too young to associate his mommy with the shadows on the screen—as he does his daddy with the bright colored bandages he gets after a 'shot' or a cut on his finger.*

On days when I have a late call, I breakfast and play with the children before leaving for the studio. When Timmy asks, "Mommy, must you work? Please don't go today," I assure him I'll be gone for just a little while. "I understand," he says. *(Continued on page 82)*

"Mommy, who made the ducks, squirrels and birds?"



"Mommy, how does daddy make the light go boom?"



memories of a Great Lover

by Jack Wade

■ Ask Clark Gable's friends—his close friends—and they'll agree that it happened the morning he walked into the boudoir of his fourth wife, Lady Sylvia Ashley Gable. Clark, miserable and fed-up, said, "I don't want to be married to you any longer—or to anyone else!" Packed in that one short sentence was all the disillusion of a marriage that was a mistake, and a life that wasn't living—not for Clark Gable.

That was four years ago. Clark was fifty-two then—and feeling it. In those four years, something happened.

Something *must* have happened—because one day, only a couple of months back, the big moose stepped into his marks on the set, grabbed the half-naked little strip teaser, wrapped her in his arms and kissed her for keeps.

"Print it!" the director barked. "Attaboy, King," he added.

Clark Gable slapped his hair up out of his eyes and grinned up at Mamie Van Doren like he knew a secret . . . This was a different Gable. But to pretty, curvy Mamie he smiled, "Thank you, Honey."

As for Mamie, when she got back her breath she gasped one eloquent word—"Oh!" This was something she had suffered the hots and colds anticipating for days—as a hundred Hollywood girls had before her in their time. Now it was over. Gable had kissed her. And kissing a legend is something you don't forget fast . . .

But—what about Clark? How did *he* feel?—this fabulously attractive and virile man, this great lover who's been crushing girls to his chest for the cameras for a long, long time.

In 1958—on February 1—Clark will be fifty-seven years old. He's still one of the biggest at the box-office—and as lusty a he-man to the ladies in the audience as he ever was.

But Clark is slowing (Continued on page 87)





ROMANCE OF TAB & VENETIA THE MONTH

■ In April, 1957, after one year of marriage, Russ Tamblyn and Venetia Stevenson were divorced. And for a while afterwards they took it pretty hard. Russ, for instance, holed up in a cabin by the sea out in Malibu, troubled and lonely. After a few weeks, when he started to pine for some feminine company, as any healthy American boy would, he found he was too embarrassed to call up any of the girls he knew and ask them for a date. What would they think of him—a guy who couldn't stay married for more than a year? Venetia, too, was embarrassed about her divorce—she wasn't old enough to vote and she was already a divorcee. But luckily she soon got over her troubled feelings—and one of the people who helped her most was Tony Perkins. You remember the picture of them together in last month's MODERN SCREEN?—and the story MODERN SCREEN told about their being just *good friends?* Tony wanted to help Venetia get over her sadness about the divorce—and Venetia was glad to have his helping hand. One night Tony took her to a premiere and a party, and Venetia happened to glance across the room to discover that—*Tab Hunter was looking at her.* Through the cigarette smoke of the crowded room their eyes met. Tab came over to her table, chatted for a while—and made a date with Venetia for the next day . . . (*Turn Page*)

first she was Rusty's wife, then she was Tony's date, then... her eyes



net TAB'S and...

ROMANCE OF
TAB & VENETIA
THE MONTH

continued



Venetia may be looking like she doesn't know a chap (like on riding pants) from a chap—like in love . . . but she does. And Tab's the chap!



When Tab Hunter invited Venetia Stevenson out to Clyde Kennedy's ranch to see his mare Swizzlestick, little did either of them realize that a romance would blossom. It did—Venetia flipped completely over horses and horseback riding and jumping—and Tab and Venetia have been constant companions ever since.

Since then Tab has bought another horse named Battlin' Bim and now Tab and Venetia spend long hours riding together. Every time Tab has a moment off from the studio he calls Venetia and if she isn't working on TV or a movie, or posing for a magazine cover, they head for the ranch in the Northridge section of the San Fernando Valley where Tab's friend Clyde Kennedy operates a training and boarding stable.

Both of Tab's horses are jumpers and it wasn't long before Venetia was riding well enough to start jumping. Her courage and determination won Tab's respect as well as his admiration. Tab says, "You ought to see Venetia jump those horses. I'm real proud of her."

Last spring Tab and Venetia started taking his horses around to the little shows which serve (*Continued on page 62*)

...their next day began



'together"



Just about all his life, Tab's been looking for a gal to dine with, dance with—and start his day with, just hors'n around. The kind of girl he could talk to—and know she was listening. And ride with, and know she enjoyed it—the thrill, the excitement, the speed. And love. . . .



Last night, they had dined and danced. But not with each other. Not yet. Last night, their eyes found each other—and this morning—at last—they met. Early. And suddenly he knew what fun really was . . . and felt pride in her . . . and a togetherness.



Then Swizzlestick—Tab's horse, of course—sailed high over the hurdle . . . like he knew how a fellow in love feels, wanting to show off for his girl. And that's how it's been for Tab and Venetia ever since—flying high, high above the clouds, together . . .



The angel who first answered her prayers when she was nine still watches over her today...

Natalie Wood's very own

Guardian Angel

by
Bill Tusher

■ As Natalie Wood opened the door and stepped into her house, she was carefree and gay as only an eighteen-year-old can be—a song bubbling out of her, not a trouble in the world. But she walked inside and felt a catch in her throat. There were three strangers standing there, and a crisp-uniformed nurse.

And two others—

Her kid sister, Lana, weeping as if her heart would break . . .

Her mother, daubing at her tear-reddened eyes . . .

"Where's Daddy?" Natalie cried, knowing it *must* be her father. Everyone else—everyone else who was *family* and *home*—was there.

"Father had a heart attack." Her mother choked out the words between sobs.

"But there's no real danger?" Natalie asked, turning to the men she knew must be the doctors, asking the question more because—well, almost because that was the question to ask—not at all because she expected to hear anything except *Of course there's no danger!*

Then Natalie knew. Because the doctors didn't answer; just looked at young Lana—and instead of words there was just the look of such great pity. "Daddy *will* get better!" Natalie whispered, crying softly, looking into her mother's face. "I know God (*Continued on page* 83)



The months of sickness and separation are over now.

Rock has made...

The Long

by Peer J. Oppenheimer

Journey Home

From the date on the calendar it should have been spring, but the temperature still hovered below the freezing point and snow was several feet deep in the little Italian town of Misurina where Rock Hudson was on location for *A Farewell To Arms.*

He had just returned to his small *Albergo*—a small inn—from a difficult and hazardous day of shooting when the manager handed him a letter. Rock's face lit up as he recognized Phyllis' handwriting. Only a few weeks had gone by since he had left Los Angeles, but already the separation was having its effect. Even breathtaking Misurina could be a lonely spot for a man without his wife. . . .

As usual he couldn't wait to get upstairs to tear open the letter—but when he read it on his way up the narrow, winding staircase to the floor above where he had his room, his forehead wrinkled up in worry.

There was an almost casual paragraph in the letter saying she had gone to ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL in Santa Monica "for a checkup." *Why would she go to a hospital for that?* he asked himself over and over again. If only he could have talked about it with someone else. But there was no one close enough to him—no one he could really tell his troubles to. Oh, he got along well enough with Mr. Selznick, the producer, and with director Charles Vidor and his co-stars and the crew—but they hadn't become close friends. And so Rock tried to reason it out himself, and the more he reasoned the more worried he became. . . .

That night he tossed and turned. It was a sleepless night. The next day he tried to put in a call to Los Angeles. It was impossible. The one phone line between Misurina and the outside had been cut due to the heavy snow-fall.

Rock hoped that the next letter would tell him nothing was wrong, or at least would tell him something and not leave him in the dark. Another message arrived a week later. This time as he read, all the color drained from his face. "I'm still in the hospital . . ."

Long before he moved from his isolated location in Misurina, he was convinced that Phyllis was seriously ill, and that the only reason she didn't go into details was that she wanted to keep him from worrying.

Finally Rock could no longer stand the suspense. He got into the car the studio had provided for him and with an Italian actor who knew the roads, headed for Cortina d'Ampezzo—and a phone.

After about half an hour of driving it started to snow so heavily that the windshield wiper no longer worked. Rock had to lean out of the car on his side to see the road. Fifteen minutes later the car got stuck in the snow. He raced the engine and the wheels spun like crazy—but the car didn't move one inch.

"Let's put on the chains," his friend suggested.

"We should have done it before we left," Rock agreed, realizing he had been too preoccupied to think of it.

He climbed out and trudged through the snow to the trunk. When he opened it, his face fell in disappointment. Except for a jack and some miscellaneous tools, it was empty.

They tried to push the car out of its rut. No luck. They got back in the car to wait for help. When help finally came it was almost too late. . . .

To keep warm, Rock had started the engine and turned on the heater. They were fairly comfortable till they ran out of gas. Once the motor stopped, off went the heat.

They were getting colder—and began to realize they might not make it at all. "Let's sing," Rock suggested.

His companion looked up in surprise. "Why?"

"It's supposed to keep you warm . . ."

Rock's voice is strictly of the shower variety. But they sang loud, and constantly—mostly Christmas carols. *Silent Night* rang out over the cold snowy mountainside more than a dozen times.

Their voices were growing tired and weak—when at last they heard a faint putt-putt.

They both jumped out and strained their ears for the sound. It came closer and closer down the steep, winding pass. After a few minutes they recognized a jeep and about five minutes later flagged down the old Italian farmer who drove it. Thanks to a four-wheel drive and chains he could manage to get through, he told them. But he couldn't take them along because his jeep was fully loaded. However, he promised to send help. Encouraged by the thought of getting help and putting all their troubles (*Continued on page 88*)

Child of hunger,
child of scorn,
child of sin,
child of war...



SOPHIA LOREN:

"I don't want pity."

by Beverly Ott

■ An official studio biography begins: *Sophia Loren was born in Rome on September 20, 1934.* Actually, the truth can't be printed, for she came from Hell. A part of it is still locked deep inside Sophia Scicolone—that's Sophia Loren's real name—and it will stay locked there. But there is no bitterness in the large almond-shaped eyes. Sometimes there is sadness; sometimes, the flicker of fear. At other times a childlike wonder. Always, there is the strength and determination. "I have had a very hard life," she says today. "Beginning when I was born, while I was growing up and after. But I don't like to talk about it. I don't want to have pity on myself. I'm always aware of pity and I want to avoid that.

"You see, it was important for me to have this hard life . . . basically it was important to have it for my work. It gave me a strength to do things . . . to reach a goal that some people never reach." The words come from the lips of Sophia Loren. They come from the heart of Sophia Scicolone.

Paramount has provided Sophia Loren with luxurious diggings to come home to when she leaves the DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS *set,* reports one columnist. *But Sophia's used to luxury. She left a lavish ten-room apartment in Rome.* To have almost anything to come home to was a luxury for Sophia Scicolone. She can remember the railway tunnel in which she and (*Continued on page 71*)

This story is about a
little girl who was very sick
...and about two people
whose love brought her hope...



how Debbie and Eddie helped save Cindy's life

by Helen Gould

■ Over a little six-year-old girl's bed hangs an autographed picture of Eddie Fisher. On it is written, *To Cindy—you are my real one.* The little girl can't get out of that bed; in the next few years she faces a long series of plastic surgery operations.

For a breath-holding week or so it was touch-and-go whether she would hold on to life or not.

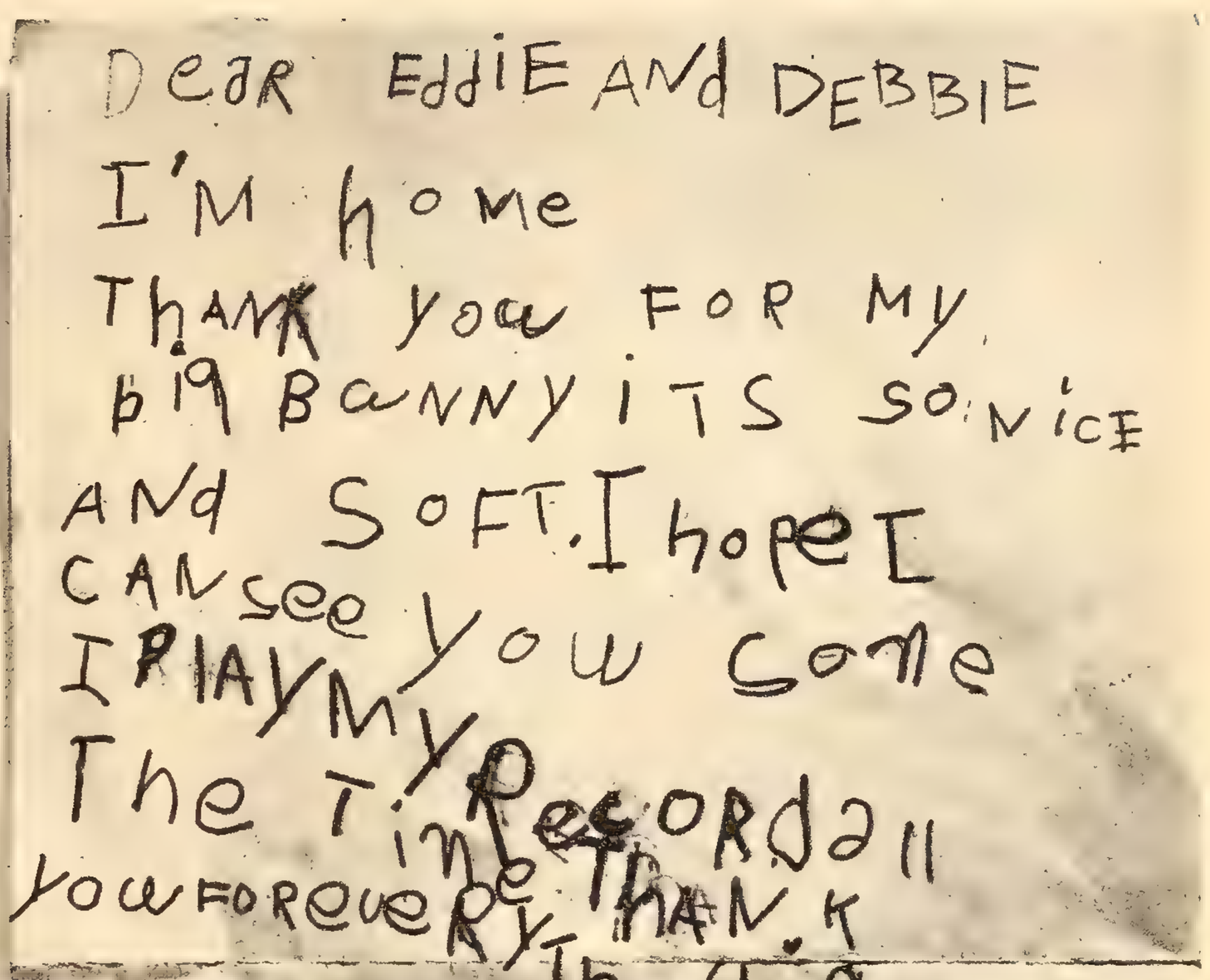
During those first dangerous days, it was Eddie Fisher's recording of *Cindy* that helped the real-life Cindy Acker in her desperate fight for life. Cindy had received third degree burns over more than half of her body when she fell against a pot of fat in which her mother was making doughnuts.

And that first day, after she was rushed to the hospital, Cindy had whispered a request to hear her favorite song; it was played continuously—on doctor's orders. Eddie and Debbie heard about it, and that's when Eddie sent off the autographed picture that hangs over the little girl's bed.

Eddie and Debbie realized that their schedule simply wouldn't permit a visit to Cindy. But they did more than send the picture. Eddie phoned Cindy for a long chat. Then he sent her a personal recording of her namesake song, (*Continued on page 81*)



This is Cindy.
These are
the bunnies
she received
from Debbie
and Eddie
on her sixth
birthday.

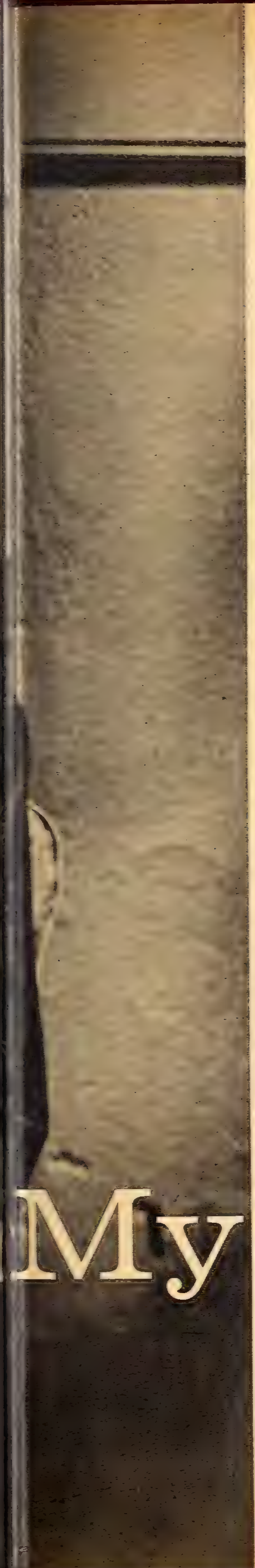




This is the
letter that
Cindy sent to
Debbie & Eddie,
thanking them
for the gift.

At sixteen, she was mad about shy, sweet Johnny. Then one day he went away...

Carroll Baker tells— How I Got Over



My "Summer Romance"

■ Carroll Baker made up her mind. She was going to the senior prom with Johnny—tall, dark, handsome, basketball-playing Johnny. Of course, there was a slight hitch. Carroll had never met Johnny, never talked to him. But that little fact wasn't going to stand in her way. She hoped.

"Bunny," she said to her best friend that afternoon exactly two weeks before graduation and the prom, "Bunny, we've got to think of something—and fast!"

Carroll and Bunny were sitting in the small auditorium of their Greensburg, Pa., high school, waiting for the rehearsal to begin. The graduating class was putting on an operetta and both girls were in it. Carroll was in it, naturally, because she was the best dancer Greensburg had ever seen. Bunny was in it because Carroll was in it and they were best friends.

"We used to trade clothes all the time," Carroll recalls today, "and I lived on a farm quite a ways from town and Bunny lived *in* town and I used to spend a lot of nights there as a guest of the family, if guest is the right word. And, most important to two sixteen-year-olds at the time, we used to maneuver dates for each other like crazy. Our date routine went like this: if there was a boy Bunny liked *I'd* go up to him and say, 'Why don't you take Bunny out?' If there was a boy I liked, Bunny would vice-versa the routine for me. It was very simple. And it usually worked."

"Well," Bunny said, "I'll ask him if . . ."

And as she said that, two things happened. Johnny walked into the auditorium, and the teacher who was directing the operetta decided to get things moving and called for all her dancers to come up on stage.

"Oh, my gosh," Carroll said, spotting Johnny. She nudged Bunny. "He's . . . *he's here!*"

Bunny looked over at the man of the hour. He'd obviously stopped by on his way from the gym to wherever else he was heading. He was wearing his basketball outfit, which meant that all his muscles were showing full bloom; and his black hair was uncombed and curly and toppling all over the place. Bunny sighed, "He sure is."

They both watched, practically open-mouthed, as he stood there looking around the auditorium. And Carroll nearly died when his eyes met hers.

A voice from the stage boomed across the auditorium now. "Miss Baker! Miss *Ginger Rogers* Baker! We are ready to *rehearse!*" It was the teacher. All the other kids who were dancing in the operetta had answerd her first call and she obviously didn't like to have to call twice.

"Do you think, Bunny," Carroll asked, as she began to head for the stage, "do you think maybe he came to see me dance?"

"I don't know," Bunny said, "but I'll sure find out."

Carroll nodded gratefully. She'd taken just a few (*Continued on page 84*)

will Jerry

the strange story of one man's pregnancy—

by Ed De Blasio

■ Patti Lewis was already in bed when Jerry came bounding into their New York hotel apartment that Saturday night last winter. "Honey," Jerry said, "I was great tonight, great." He gave a couple of loud, happy yawns—one for the matinée he'd done that afternoon, one for the night show. Then, never one to waste time wasting time, he began ripping off his clothes. "I was on stage for seventy-seven minutes!" he said, telling about his show at THE PALACE, "and the people—a $6.60 crowd!—got up on their feet and they yelled themselves hoarse just to let me know how much they liked me."

Patti smiled, "That's wonderful, Jer."

"Seventy-seven minutes," Jerry repeated as he raced into the bathroom to brush his teeth and throw some water on his face.

He was in bed a few minutes later. He was still talking about his show that night and Patti took his hand and rolled over a little so she could watch him. She purposely left on the light for a little while because she liked to watch Jerry when he was feeling so happy about something. Besides, she was going to do some talking of her own in a little while and she wanted to make sure she saw the full reaction when she did.

"It was probably one of the greatest shows of my life," Jerry was saying as he lay there, his hand in Patti's, staring up at the ceiling, grinning proudly. "Some of the critics belted me a little on opening night, but I was nervous. Sure I was nervous, opening at THE PALACE. But the next night it started going better and we've been sold out for every performance and tonight, tonight . . . Patti, I honestly think I'm going to die I'm so happy."

Patti squeezed his hand. "Jerry," she said.

"Yeah?" Jerry answered, a little vaguely, as if he were far away, in the wings of a theater waiting to go on, maybe, or on a tremendous stage facing a couple of thousand applauding, cheering people. "Yeah?"

"Jerry," Patti said, "I wish you wouldn't die just yet. Because you have me to consider . . ."

"Yeah?"

"And there's Scotty and Gary and Ronnie . . ." Patti went on.

"Sure," Jerry said.

"And, after all," Patti said, "a new baby, a brand new baby, needs a daddy, doesn't he?"

Jerry nodded. "Yeah," he said, "sure a brand new baby needs . . ." He let go of Patti's hand. "Needs a what?" he said, softly. Then he screamed it. *"Needs a what?"* Jerry turned his head for a look at Patti. After that scream, he figured she'd probably be looking at him like he was (*Continued on page 62*)





Lewis be a GOOD MOTHER?

The wonderful story of an unconventional mother and her daughter...

BIG Jayne and LITTLE Jayne!



by Irene Reich

■ "It's funny," Jayne Mansfield may tell you, if she knows you enough to let you in —a little bit—to the heart of her, "a few days ago I took Jayne Marie to school. That morning I packed her lunch pail while she was getting dressed. It was the first day of the new term. When we got to school the bells were chiming and some children were helping to raise the flag. I went into her classroom and met her teacher. I saw the little desk she'll be using. She was so excited and I was so happy to be there at school and see everything. I kissed her goodbye and when I walked out of the schoolyard I was crying.

"Maybe Jayne Marie *is* the only child that came to school in a pink jaguar, but I'm a mother and like every other mother I felt a sense of sadness in this day. Not like I was losing her. More like going to school meant my little (*Continued on page 78*)



In 1952, Jayne's family was Little Jayne and Paul . . .



Now it's Mickey, escorting Jayne and her parents . . .





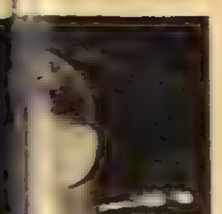
What's a Little Jayne for?

For hugging, and dancing with...

And having sixth-birthday parties for,

and playing with...and loving...









Tony Perkins:

I HATE HOLLYWOOD PARTIES



as told to Helen Gould

■ "I'll tell you what I mean," Tony Perkins said. And he started talking about a day, not too long ago, that was a beginning . . . and an end . . . A beginning to having the kind of fun Tony *likes,* and an end to living through the kind of parties Hollywood loves—and Tony hates.

Tony Perkins was pooped that day. He'd been at the studio from seven o'clock in the morning and it was nearly six before the director finally called *"Cut!"* for the last time and Tony and the others could go home.

Tony headed for his dressing room. "No interviews tonight?" he called out to a studio publicity gal who'd been working overtime too, and was leaving the lot—he'd given three interviews the day before.

"Not tonight, honey," the girl answered.

"Aw, gee," said Tony—like he was real sad about the whole thing.

"Yeah . . . *gee,*" laughed the publicity gal. "I'll see what I can line up for tomorrow, though. You've got (*Continued on page* 89)



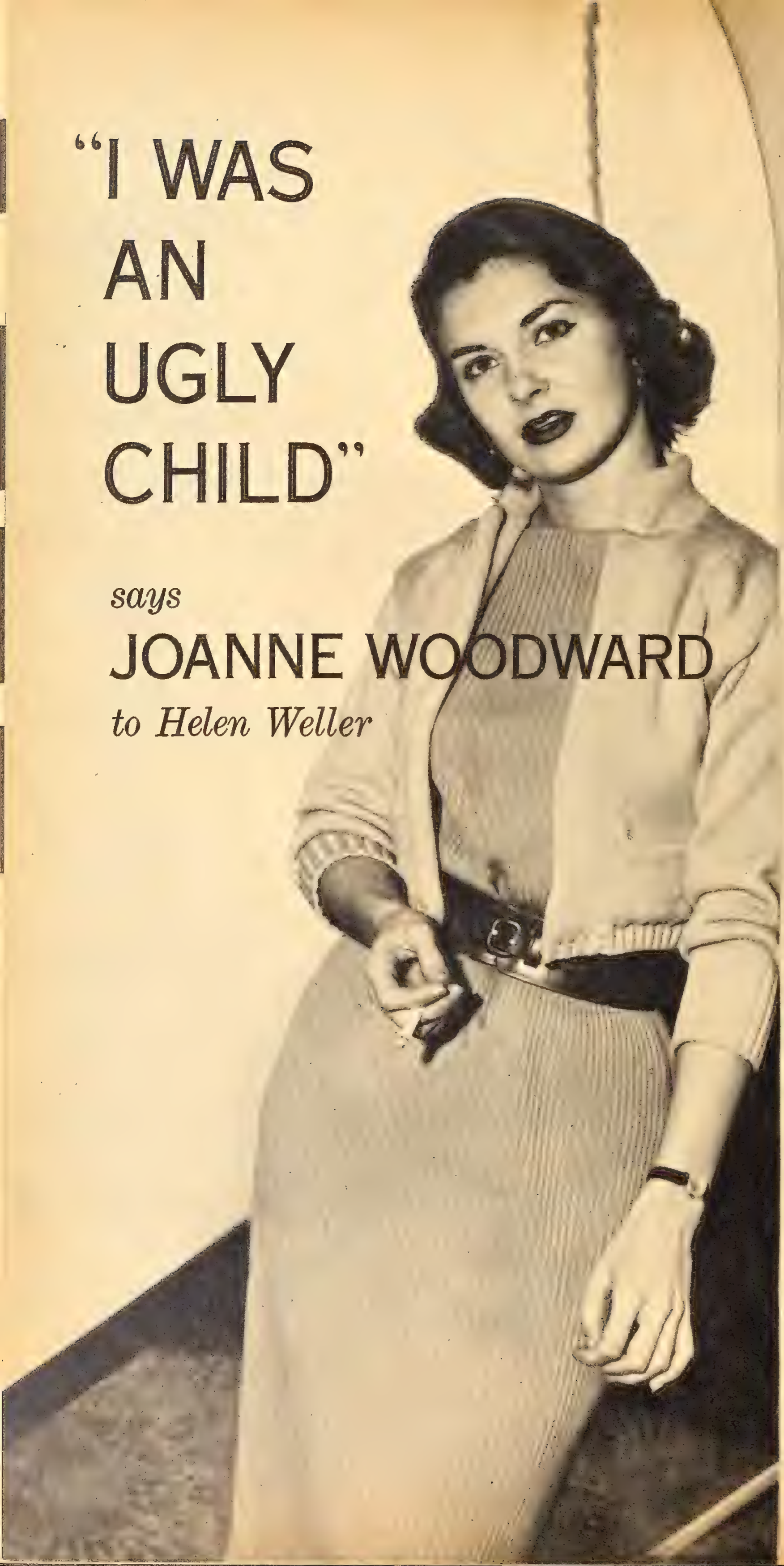
e that time that Tony went out with Maria Cooper—Gary's daughter. Sure, they had onderful time. But, well—Tony would have liked to really get to know her. And how ld he do that when he couldn't even hear himself TALK above the noise of the mob!

"I WAS AN UGLY CHILD"

says

JOANNE WOODWARD

to Helen Weller



■ The plump, fifteen-year-old girl stare at herself in the mirror above her bed room dresser, and cried out, "I hate you I hate you. You're fat and ugly an dreadful. No wonder no one likes you You're horrible." And then Joanne Wood ward began to sob as though her hea would break.

For Joanne Woodward, the beautifu young actress who set the screen on fi in 20TH CENTURY-FOX's *Three Faces o Eve,* being a teenager was the mo agonizing experience of her life.

"I was a mixed-up kid," she told m her intense green eyes narrowing as sh recalled her teenage unhappiness. hated myself. I thought I was ugly. thought everyone hated me as much I hated myself.

"Because I hated myself, I was nev sure of myself when I was with other Every word anyone spoke to me wa magnified in my mind. When peop passed me on the street, talking quiet to each other or laughing about som one's shortcomings, I was sure they we talking about me, making fun of me.

"I continued this way—mixed u loathing myself, fighting with people until something happened. Until finally learned how to be happy.

"Perhaps," Joan Woodward says t day, "perhaps other teenagers who a as confused as I was might find it easie knowing what I went through."

Here is the intimate, personal story the torturous years she knew.

Her story begins in Thomasvill Georgia—a sleepy, warm town whe she was born. (*Continued on page 7*

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Max Factor's new **hi-fi** Lipstick
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when you buy Max Factor's new hi-fi Fluid Make-up..

the new make-up discovery
that makes you look naturally lovely in any light...
day or night



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Today — buy a bottle of Max Factor's Hi-Fi Flu Make-up. Your 75¢ size Hi-Fi Lipstick is *absolutely fr* And you pay only 1.75 for both... the price of Hi- Make-up alone! But don't delay... this special offer on sale for a limited time only.

tab's new crush

(*Continued from page 42*) as warm-ups for the big fair and the horse-show circuit in the summer. Tab and Venetia make the cutest couple at the horse shows. Walking side by side, they make a striking twosome—pretty Venetia in her slim-legged jeans with a scarf covering her silver-blonde hair—and tall, tan, and handsome Tab. Tab is very popular with all the girls but he only has eyes for Venetia.

At horse shows Tab is not treated or looked upon as a movie star by the other horse-show people. He has earned their friendship by his ability as a rider and he is among the best. There is a young set at the horse shows that Tab and Venetia are very much a part of: Tony Perkins, John Derek, Dale Robertson, Gene Nelson, Judy Spreckels. Tommy Sands and John Ericson are part of the group and ride a lot in their spare time, and Pat Wayne recently started jumping lessons. Venetia has earned the respect of a lot of people who expected her to be another 'movie star' type, and found her to be a good sport—always ready to help saddle or brush a horse. She was so thrilled when she got to show for the first time at Santa Barbara this summer. She spent hours picking out and buying the right outfit, and admitting to everyone how excited she was. When she got a ribbon in her first try in the show ring, she ran to Tab first thing and told him how proud she was of him—because he was her teacher. Tab gave her a mighty hug and everyone around shared their infectious laughter and excitement.

In the early morning at horse shows, between 6:00 and 9:00 a.m., Tab and Venetia would exercise their horses to get them ready for the afternoon and night performances of the show. Then, in their jeans and cotton shirts and Levi jackets, they would hold hands and sip hot coffee—and watch the other riders exercising their horses.

"I've never had so much fun"

When Tab is not going to ride during one session of the horse show, he and Venetia—complete with programs, popcorn, hot dogs and soda pop—climb into the stands and sit among the spectators. They have lots of fun watching their friends while Tab explains the rules to Venetia. Venetia says, "There is so much to learn so fast, I'm lucky to have such good teachers as Tab and Clyde." Venetia likes the way Tab looks in the riding outfit he wears in the show ring—he's *so* handsome. "And what I 'specially like," says Venetia, "is that Confederate cap of his." She confesses it's fun to pull it down over his nose. "He's cute when he's mad," she says. Only he can't stay mad for two seconds put together before he's laughing and giving her that big bear-hug of his.

Tab and Venetia have more fun than a barrel of monkeys—even when the going gets rough. Like earlier this year, when a rainstorm flooded the show grounds where they were riding and the show had to be postponed. In a matter of minutes the place was a sea of mud. Gallant Tab, up to his knees in mud, carried Venetia almost a city block to keep her from ruining her clothes. She was saying *"No, put me down, Tab!"*—and kicking and laughing. But Tab just picked her up and carried her anyway. All that laughing and kicking said louder than words that Venetia enjoyed being carried by Tab. And what girl wouldn't?

The crowds at the fair get a kick out of Tab and Venetia, and follow at a short distance as the young couple pitch baseballs to win stuffed animals and go on all the rides.

Ever since that first night when their eyes had met through the cigarette smoke in that crowded room, they've been thinking, *I've never had so much fun with anyone else in my whole life.*

And that dreamy look in Venetia's eyes says she's looking forward to the day when she will hear the horse-show announcer say to the crowd, *First prize goes to Battlin' Bim owned by Tab Hunter and ridden by Venetia Stevenson*—or is she thinking, *ridden by Mrs. Tab Hunter?* **END**

Tab can soon be seen in Warner Bros. LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE. *Watch for Venetia in Warner Bros.* DARBY'S RANGERS.

will jerry lewis be a good mother?

(*Continued from page 54*) crazy—or like a wife looks at her husband when she's telling him about something beautiful.

And then he hugged her and kissed her, and hugged and kissed her again. And, as he tells it, "I didn't know what else to do, so I began to cry. Then Patti began to cry. And the two of us lay there for a couple of minutes bawling like a couple of kids. And then I jumped out of bed and I said to Patti, 'Stay there, don't go away!'—like she was planning to take a quick walk over to Central Park or someplace—and I ran into the kitchen and filled a water glass with Scotch. I took a sip. I remember it was only a sip because the next morning a maid from the hotel shook her head and said, 'Somebody's sure been wasting a lot of good liquor in this place, pouring it into glasses like that and leaving it.' Then I rushed back and I kissed Patti again, over and over, and then for an hour, or two hours, the two of us were talking, just talking . . .

That certain feeling

"When will it be, Patti?" Jerry asked.
"I guess around October," Patti said.
"And it's going to be a girl?"
"I don't know," Patti said.
"I think it's going to be a girl," Jerry said, with much certainty in his voice.
"We'll see," Patti said.
"You know what we're going to call her?"
"What?" asked Patti.
"Maria," Jerry said.

Patti smiled. Maria was her mother's name. Her mother had passed away three years earlier. "That's nice, Jerry," Patti said. "Mama would have liked that a lot."

"Maria Lewis," Jerry whispered, trying out the name. He nodded. It sounded good.

"And if it's a boy?" Patti asked.

"Maybe," Jerry said, laughing, "maybe this one we can call Cary—with a C."

Patti laughed, too. He was talking about the trouble they had naming their first son. "He's eleven-and-a-half years old now," Patti told us recently, "and when we got him we decided—or I guess I decided—to call him Cary after my favorite movie actor, Cary Grant. Well, Jerry wasn't too happy about the name and, really, it didn't seem to fit the baby too well and one night Jerry said to me, 'You know, when he gets big they're gonna think he's a girl with a name like that.' So I said, 'All right, we'll make it a G instead of a C.' And so he became Gary."

"Ronnie's a nice name, but we've used that one up," Jerry said now, referring to the name they'd given their second son, now seven years old.

"And we've got a Scotty," Patti said, referring to their fourteen-month-old Scott Anthony, named after Patti's Patron Saint, St. Anthony.

They both thought out loud for a while, running through the alphabet of names from Archibald to Zeke. And then Jerry shrugged.

"Aw, Patti," he said, "what are we wasting time for? It'll be a girl, anyway."

"That's what you said last time," Patti reminded him, "—going out like that months before time and buying all those pink clothes and blankets and stuff."

"That was last time," Jerry said. "But this time, no kidding, I have the feeling." He patted his stomach. "Right here."

Patti began to laugh again. "Oh, no!"

"*No* what?" Jerry asked.

"You're not." Patti started to say, but she couldn't go on, she was laughing so hard now.

"The—what did that doctor call it—the high-premium pregnancy?" Jerry asked, trying to hide his smile and act very serious about the whole thing. "Well . . ." he said, thinking it over.

"A high-premium pregnancy," according to Patti, "is when the father-to-be reacts almost exactly the way the mother-to-be does. He gains weight—Jerry put on twenty-one pounds while I was carrying Scotty. He gets cravings—I don't know which of the two of us had more of them or ate the stranger foods. He gets very sensitive if he's ignored the least little bit—*I* used to have to call *Jerry* at the studio during the day to find out how *he* was feeling. And, in Jerry's case, it got so extreme that he even insisted on being present in the delivery room the night I had the baby. 'I've been carrying it around for nine months, too!' he told the doctor."

"Well," Jerry said now, "I tell you, Patti. I don't think I'm gonna have to go through any bit like that this time. Because the high-premium jobs usually happen when there's a lot of tension about whether or not you're ever going to have a baby; when you're working very hard and you've got all kinds of stresses on you."

"And," Patti asked, "you're not working hard now? No stresses you've got? . . . THE PALACE? The pictures you're going to make? The TV shows?"

"Well," Jerry said, "it's all *less* now."

"Uh-huh," Patti said.

"Yeah," Jerry said, "it's a lot less now." He sounded a little groggy, as if he were falling asleep. "And I don't think," he said, "it'll be like it was with Scotty. . . ."

Patti looked over at him. His eyes were closed. She reached to turn off the light. Then she lay back and put her arm on Jerry's and smiled. She was thinking about her last pregnancy, not too long ago. About those months of carrying her little baby inside of her. About those months of taking care of her big baby, Jerry.

"Please take care of my wife"

She remembered lots of little things. "Like," in Patti's words, "how he always used to kiss me when he'd come home from someplace and say, 'How's the maker of my little pup?' And like he'd suddenly treat me as if I were made of glass and be afraid when I wore high-heeled shoes

When Orson Welles was brought on late in the Steve Allen TV show, and suspected the program would end before he could finish his act, he wanted to ad lib: "I feel just like a Presidential candidate."

Leonard Lyons in the N. Y. Post

nd tell me, 'I don't ever want you open-ng any doors and straining yourself' and et all upset when I would tell him, 'But erry, how am I going to get around the ouse if I don't open any doors?' And how onely he'd get when he had to be on tour r do a show out of town and would buy a uppy dog to keep him company and then ring it home with him until one day I ook an inventory and counted seven logs around the house and made him romise that the next time he was away nd lonely he'd *send* for one of the dogs—which, believe me, he did. And like when e was away on these trips, some of them asting for only a few days, he'd call up ong distance a couple of times a day and sk about me and how I was feeling and ll about the boys and I'd have to tell him exactly what Gary—who's the other come-lian in our family—did that day that was unny, usually a very good imitation of his laddy or Elvis Presley, and if Ronnie was till sitting in the back yard with his encil and paper inventing rockets and all he other things he's always inventing. And ike how when Jerry was tired at night we'd go to bed early and he'd lie there or a while eating his jelly beans and hocolates—I've always got to keep jelly eans and chocolates around the house for im—and sometimes I'd get a slight pain nd Jerry would get all upset and even hough he's Jewish he'd put his hands to-ether and pray to my Catholic Saint and ay 'Tony'—that's what he always calls St. Anthony when he prays to him—'Tony, lease take care of my little wife down ere next to me and make her have a ealthy baby, please, and we'll appreciate t very much, the both of us.'"

"I've got a craving"

Patti turned now for a last look at Jerry efore closing her eyes too, and going to leep. She moved her head and kissed his rm. "Good night," she whispered.

"Honey?" Jerry whispered back.

Patti's eyes popped open. "You're still awake, Jer?" she asked.

"I can't seem to fall asleep," Jerry said. "I feel kind of funny, matter of fact."

"You have a headache?" Patti asked.

"No," Jerry said.

"Your stomach bothering you?"

"No," Jerry said. Suddenly, he sat up.

"What's the matter, Jer?" Patti asked.

"It just came over me," Jerry said, his face lighting up. "I've . . . I've got a *craving!*"

"Jer-ry," Patti called out.

"Honest," Jerry said. "I think I'm going hrough that high-premium bit again."

"Jerry," Patti said, "not *this* soon."

Jerry jumped out of bed and began put-ing his clothes back on. "I think there's a delicatessen over on Lexington Avenue hat stays open all night," he said. "I'm gonna go get you-know-what for me . . . nd, Patti, you want the same thing you sed to have with Scotty?"

Patti gave up, then and there. "All right," he said, smiling. "I'll have the same."

The delicatessen man who waited on Jerry that a.m. greeted him with a big mile, but his face turned near-green when he heard the order. "You are sure, Mr. Lewis, that this is not a joke like in he movies you are in?" he asked.

"No," Jerry assured him, "it's no joke. *My* wife is going to have a *baby!*"

"Oh," the delicatessen man said, nod-ding but not quite understanding.

Jerry was back at the hotel a little while ater, a small grocery bag in his hand. 'Now I want you to stay in bed till I get everything set in the kitchen," he told Patti. "I don't want you getting up and straining yourself till it's time to eat."

It took Jerry about five minutes to pre-pare the feast. Then, rushing back into the bedroom, he helped Patti out of bed and took her arm and led her into the kitchen.

"I'm not disabled yet," Patti smiled, as Jerry leaned forward to open the door.

Jerry turned to see Patti's expression as she looked over at the table. He was as happy as a Yankee batboy when he saw her smile.

"Oh, Jerry," Patti said, suddenly feeling close to tears again, despite her smile. She pointed to her place at the table. "You remembered everything. The sauerkraut juice and the two Baby Ruths for me. . . ."

". . . And the baked beans and sour cream for me," Jerry said, pointing to his place.

They sat down. Just before they began to eat, Jerry looked up towards Heaven, winked and said, "Tony, I guess you knew all this before we did. But Patti's going to have another baby, just in case you don't know, and we'd appreciate it if you'd take good care of her, like last time."

Then he picked up his spoon and Patti picked up her glass.

"Here we go again," said Jerry, happily.

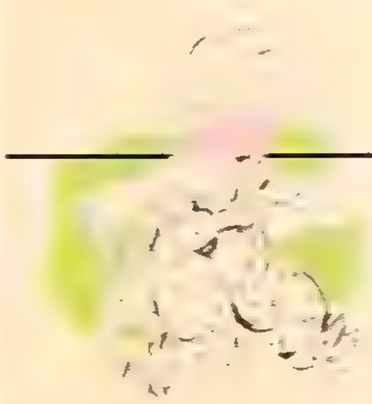
"Here we go again," said Patti, staring at her husband and smiling and forgetting about her sauerkraut juice for just a little while. **END**

Watch for Jerry in Paramount's THE SAD SACK.



Gown and peignoir by Vanity Fair

Lovely Jane Powell (Mrs. Patrick Nerney) and her daughter, Lindsey Averill Jane Powell is now appearing in . . . "The Girl Most Likely."



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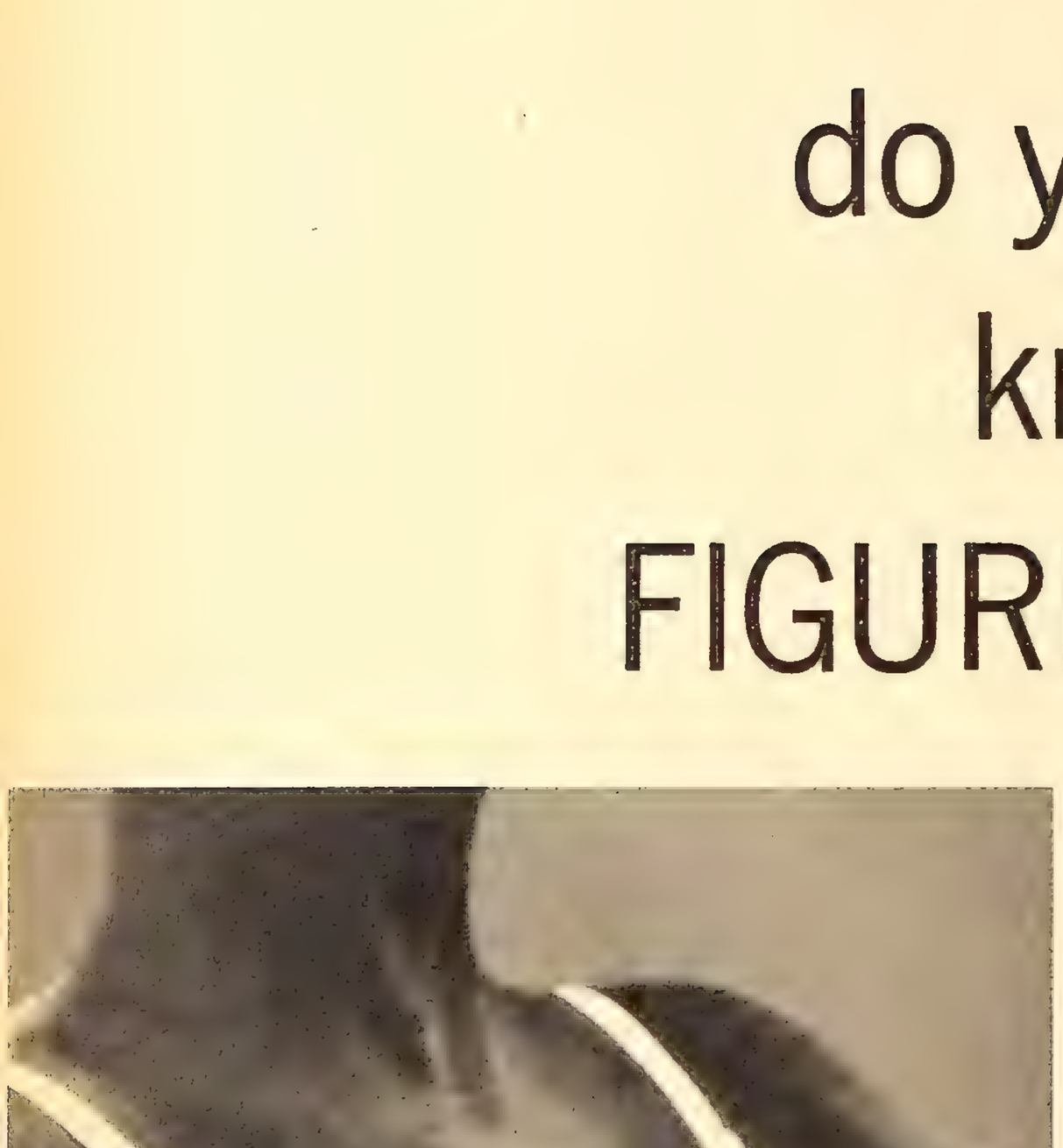
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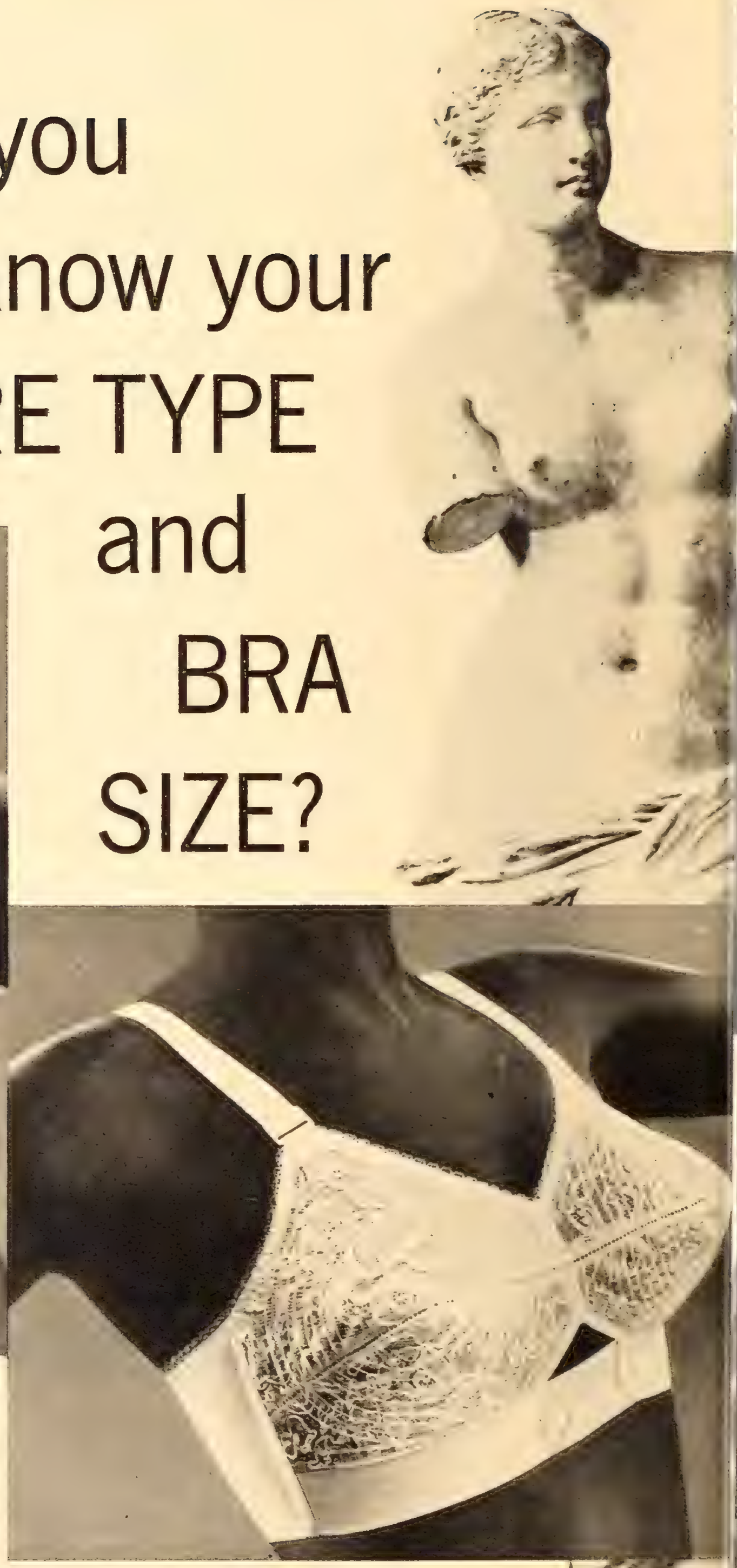
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do you know your FIGURE TYPE and BRA SIZE?



1.



2.

Photos by Roger Prigent

3.



Correct bra size and fit is judged by each individual figure proportion. Famous experts tell you how to fit your particular figure properly.

■ No two girls have the same figure proportions even though their figure measurements are identical. The many, many variations of the figure and size of the bosom make it necessary for each individual to learn how to determine what bra size will give the ultimate in comfort and health as well as added figure glamour. The rules for checking your individual figure proportions and measurements for correct bra selections are not difficult. There are two measurements you must take—both should be taken over your clothes. For your bra size (32, 34, etc.) place the tape measure firmly around the body directly under the bosom. Make sure the tape is exactly in the middle of the back. For your cup size (A, B, etc.) place the tape (*Continued on next page*)

4.



(*Continued from page 65*) around the fullest part of the bosom. One inch larger than the rib cage measurement means an A cup; two inches larger a B cup; three inches a C cup and four inches a D cup. As you see, age plays no part in the bra size. For too many years girls thought that a D size meant an elder age. This is a thought that you must dispel. You must realize that only a comfortable fitting bra can be a becoming bra. If there are bulges and over-hangs of flesh you will neither be comfortable or glamorous.

Quoting from Mrs. Ida Rosenthal of Maidenform, "The most important thing for a girl to remember is that each bra style is designed to accomplish a specific figure purpose. One girl may wish the achievement of accented uplift, another may wish an exceptional separation. Other girls with more average figures may wish only to achieve certain effects for different styles —each one designed to achieve a different contour line."

Playtex feels that the reasons for wearing a bra are four-fold—fashion, beauty, health and comfort. Correctly fitted, a bra refines natural curves; makes outer garments fit more smoothly; gives healthful support which improves posture and firms the bustline. When you are buying a bra be sure and choose a garment that appeals to you; one that is the right size and comfortably fitted; be sure that the bra is correct for your figure type and for the clothes that you will wear with it.

Paula Parnes, stylist and educational director for Lovable, tells us that despite all the large bosoms that we hear about today there are many, many girls that need a real underlined, padded bra (one with foam pads that are removable). These are the girls that are a size 32 or 34 A—or under. Miss Parnes makes a point that the style bra a girl should wear is determined by her cup size and not her rib cage measurement alone.

Miss Marian Lukas, designer of the famous Perma lift bra, has given most of her career to trying to make girls understand how important it is that the bra cup size is of upmost importance. She feels strongly that a girl makes one of fashion's greatest mistakes when she ignores her true cup size and believes that she is going to look more glamorous in an ill-fitted bra—one that the girl feels is her true size when that is not the case. Miss Lukas feels that every girl should go to the corset department and have all of her bras fitted on her. There is a difference in fit in every bra style.

The photos on pages 64 and 65 show you the various cup sizes perfectly fitted:

1. Lovable—padded bra with removable foam pads. A cup, 32 bra.
2. Maidenform—new lace Chansonette fitted to a B cup, 34 bra.
3. Playtex—the Living waist-length bra. C cup, 34 bra.
4. Perma·lift—D-cup in a 32 bra. This waist-length bra has a new adjustable waistband.

A special note—the C and D cup sizes would fit such figures just as beautifully in a regular bra style—we have shown the newest waist-length styles.

You can see from this article that many important designers are of the opinion that correct cup and bra size are a must if you want to have comfort and a glamorous figure, and a fitting is a must!

Know and understand your own particular figure type and choose the correct bra size and cup size. Have a fitting for every bra you buy. Have the upmost in comfort as well as the ultimate in glamour.

$100 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get $10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Get it? For example, if yours is the 1000th we open, what do you get? Why, $10 of course!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKED JAMES DEAN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ didn't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE PAT BOONE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE ANN BLYTH:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE SOPHIA LOREN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE CARROLL BAKER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JERRY LEWIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JOANNE WOODWARD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I LIKE CLARK GABLE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

17. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1)_____ MALE (1)_____ FEMALE
(2)_____ MALE (2)_____ FEMALE
(3)_____ MALE (3)_____ FEMALE

15. I READ
☐ all of **Louella Parsons in Hollywood**
☐ part ☐ none

16. WHAT TYPE OF PHONOGRAPH(S) do you use? ☐ portable ☐ non-portable ☐ none
WHAT TYPE(S) OF RECORDS DO YOU BUY? ☐ single popular ☐ album ☐ none

HOW MANY RECORD(S) AND/OR ALBUM(S) DID YOU BUY within the last 10 days?

.....(give titles and artists)
.....
.....
.....

AGE.....NAME..... ADDRESS.....

.....CITY.....STATE.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

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Here's how to make up your lips the glamorous way of today— lush and full and lovely just like those of MGM'S beautiful LIZ TAYLOR... Beware the severity of the narrow lipline and cupid's bow— popular fad of the early twenties as shown by GLORIA SWANSON



tips on lips

■ Have your lips been called provocative, alluring, kissable? Have you neglected your lip make-up? The study and perfection of your lip styling? MGM's make-up director, William Tuttle, feels that the definition of the eyes and the mouth are of equal and outstanding (*Continued on page* 70)

how pat keeps his vows

(*Continued from page 33*) her to more years of poverty—or should he deny her, and give her everything that success and money could buy?

And in that same second, the answer was given to him. A few simple words, words he had spoken nearly two years ago. "*. . . . forsaking all others, cleave only unto her.*"

Seven short words. Yet they told Pat Boone how he would live for the rest of his life—and they gave him the answer he needed now.

He gave the disc jockey a sudden, joyful grin. "Yes," said Pat Boone loud and clear for everyone to hear. "I've been married for a year and a half—to a wonderful girl named Shirley."

It was as easy as that.

For he knew suddenly that the one thing he always, eternally, *obviously* owed his wife was to keep the promise he had made her—a promise fifty-one words long and hallowed by the centuries.

"*I, Pat, take thee, Shirley, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better or for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health—to love, honor and obey—and forsaking all others, cleave only unto thee until death do us part . . .*"

Fifty-one words. They are no longer dimly remembered. To Pat they are now a creed, the words by which he lives and builds his marriage.

"For better or for worse," he repeats softly now. "That also meant acknowledging my marriage—even if it cost me some fans, cost us some luxuries or even necessities. For a year and a half my marriage had been this great, wonderful adventure—the best thing that ever happened to me. Then all of a sudden I found out it might have its bad side, too. But does that mean I should admit it existed only when it happened to be convenient and hide it when it might get in my way? Listen," Pat says earnestly, "a vow is a vow. You never get anything good out of breaking a promise."

For richer, for poorer

He pauses, thinking back. "For richer, for poorer. Those are the next words. Man, there was a time when that 'poorer' part meant pretty poor. I was making $44.50 a week on a TV station in Texas when I was going to school down there. We kept everything down to a minimum—including eating. Shirley must have invented eighteen different ways to fix hamburger—and a few more for the times we didn't even have that.

"Not that you should get the idea we sat around weeping into our empty dinner plates. We got our kicks. I remember one time, one evening when we'd been invited to a party and Shirley got into her one good dress.

"She waltzed out of the bedroom, twirling around for me to see. 'Very pretty,' I told her. 'Your slip is pretty, too.'

"'Where do you see my slip?'

"Right there,' I said, pointing. Shirley looked down and turned purple. There was a beautiful hole in the middle of the skirt.

"She disappeared back into the bedroom and when she came out ten minutes later, the dress had a tuck where no other dress I ever saw had one—but at least you couldn't see the slip. And besides, I walked in front of her all night.

"Personally, even when things were at their worst, clothes were never a problem for me. I had a good wardrobe when we got married and I didn't change size, so I just kept on wearing what I had.



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



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Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

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2. **Arrid protects you** against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. **Arrid stops perspiration stains.** Used daily, it keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet. There's never a hint the situation's getting warm. Saves clothes from ugly stains even on hot, sticky days.

4. **Arrid's rubbed-in protection** starts on contact—keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember—nothing protects you like a cream. And no cream protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



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Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

43¢ *plus tax.*

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

"Shirley started out okay too. but she *did* change size. We stuck to the budget, though, and she went through her first pregnancy with just two maternity dresses and the biggest grin you ever saw.

A man's job

"Now, thank God, we're in the 'for richer' part." He sighs happily. "So far, that hasn't thrown us, either."

Nor is it likely to. You *know* that, knowing about that time Pat won't tell about. That time you hear of only from one or two of his closer friends.

It happened when the Boones hit Hollywood—Pat, Shirley and the three kids. The studio had found them a couple of hotel rooms and moved them in. Pat looked around. It was all very luxurious and room-service-y. But where was the back yard full of dandelions for Cheryl Lynn to run through and plop on her tummy in the middle of? Where were the private, personal doors for Linda Lee to slam and the back yard full of California sunshine for Deborah Ann to coo in? Pat paced the two-inch-thick carpets for two days and then made up his mind.

Usually the most cooperative of people, he begged off all extra-curricular activities at the studio for three days. He turned down luncheon interviews and turned a deaf ear to people who begged him to meet important contacts. Then in a burst of know-how he informed the studio that he had "important business conferences" and disappeared entirely.

And for three days, he house-hunted.

On the third day, he found the perfect back yard, inspected the house attached and approved it, and moved his family in. Then, exhausted but happy, he phoned the studio he would report bright and early for portrait sittings, costume fittings or anything they might have in mind.

It had never occurred to him that with what he was making now he could have hired a nurse for the kids and turned the house hunting over to Shirley and an agent. He hadn't thought of it because it's a man's job to find what's right for his family—his wife, his children.

Love, honor and obey

No, money isn't going to get in Pat Boone's way. For richer or for poorer, his marriage is his business, and he handles it himself.

"In sickness and in health!" Pat says soberly. "Until death do us part! The most solemn words of all. It's funny how little meaning those words had for us when we said them. Death seemed such a long way off, sickness something we knew so little about." He shook his head slowly. "It's different now. You can't go through four years of a marriage that brings three little girls into the world without developing a new awareness of life—at both ends, birth and death." And you can see the memory in his eyes of the times he feared that he might know of death through his loved ones.

His eyes were soft and thoughtful. There was no hesitation in his voice. Success will never be Pat Boone's excuse for avoiding trouble. Crisis will find him where he belongs—at home, with his family. Then the shadow passes and Pat was grinning again, his eyes sparkling. "And then comes 'love, honor and obey.' Now, there's a question for you! Loving and honoring—that's no trick. But—who, may I ask, is supposed to obey whom? After all, we *both* promised!"

He put his hands behind his head. "I remember one beauty of a fight Shirl and I had. We were still in Texas then. Cherry wasn't even crawling yet and Shirl was pregnant with Linda. And all of a sudden my bulging wife comes up with the idea that the one thing she's got to do is see her father in Springfield, Missouri.

"'Sorry, sweetie,' I said. 'I'd take you if I could, but I can't get away from school right now.'

"'So who asked you?' says she. 'I'll go myself.'

"'Go yourself?' I yipped. 'Are you nuts? If Cherry isn't falling out of the car window, that baby—even though it *isn't* born yet—will be kicking the steering wheel!'

"'It'll be a nice, relaxing trip,' she said. 'I'm perfectly capable of handling one child . . . and a half,' Shirl answered me. 'And I'm a grown-up woman, and I've got a right to take a little trip to see my own . . .'

"'You're a pregnant woman,' I shouted, 'and you've got no right to do anything that could be dangerous to your health! And besides the car isn't in such good shape! And what if you blew a tire and what if—'

"And so on till we wore ourselves out and I went for a long walk around the block to cool off.

"I did a lot of thinking on that walk. I wanted to be fair. I didn't just want to boss my wife around. I wanted to do what was right. So I thought about it some more. And," Pat grins, "I came to the conclusion that the one who was right *was me*. And she didn't go.

"Instead, her father came to see us!

Robert Coote, featured in *My Fair Lady*, leaves soon for Hollywood to portray more character roles. An actor asked Coote why, during his scenes with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews, he has his back to the audience so much. "My dear fellow," Coote replied, "if you'd been playing character roles in Hollywood as long as I have, you'd turn your back automatically, too."

Leonard Lyons in the N. Y. Post

"That's about the status quo. I'm the boss—as long as I'm right," he laughs good humoredly.

Then the smile fades and a serious look comes over his face. "But if I'm going to make the decisions, it's up to me to make sure I have the right facts. So I've learned to look at Shirley's problems through her eyes and take in their meanings and understand her moods when a baby is on the way or she's had a rough day with the ones who've already come.

"But is it worth it? We eloped, you know, and our parents disapproved of our getting married so young. We'd have to work twice as hard to prove to them we were right, never give them a chance to say 'I told you so.'

"But that's not all of it any more. I think the more you do and the harder you work for anyone and anything, the more love you build up for them.

"All you have to do is keep your promises. Cherish her and love her no matter what happens, in sickness and in health, for richer or poorer, for better, for worse . . ."

"And then it just has to be for better—all the time . . ."

And Pat wasn't even thinking about the time a disc-jockey asked him a question he was afraid to answer. Afraid, until he remembered a promise—and found—in the love of millions of kids—that it was the right answer. . . . **END**

Pat can now be seen in 20th Century-Fox's BERNARDINE *and will soon be seen in 20th's* APRIL LOVE.

tips on lips

(*Continued from page* 68) *importance.*

MODERN SCREEN chose the glamorous lips of Elizabeth Taylor, who is now in MGM's *Raintree County,* to typify the perfect mouth of today. Full upper and lower lips are not only the fad today but the most flattering lipline you can have, according to Mr. Tuttle.

A full lipline gives a girl a soft, desirable mouth that expresses a feminine personality that is not hard, sophisticated, demanding, cunning or dictatorial. It rounds out the other lovely features of her face.

For some reason the age of the Twenties stressed a lipline that was narrow with the upper lip pursed into a tight cupid's bow. This lipline was, however—and thank goodness—short-lived. Men did not like it. It typified a careless, selfish attitude—reckless and greedy. Why girls adopted it at all is still a mystery to make-up artists and men alike. According to the history of fashion the clothes that were worn in that period were just as extreme and ridiculous—equally lacking in femininity and glamour. The so-called "jazz age" contributed nothing of lasting beauty in fashion or make-up so we can be glad we live when all of fashion and make-up is bent on making a girl even more attractive than she is.

In designing today's lush mouth all you need is a good mirror and any one of the wonderful lipsticks that are made to beautify your lips and keep them that way 'round the clock.

A lipstick brush will help do the trick but you can become a professional without even that.

Number one—the first tip is to study your mouth. If your lips are not full enough, outline them to the desired fullness (this outline must be firm and neat—if you are a large girl you can make your lips fuller than if you are petite). Fill outlines with lipstick. There are some lipsticks that lend themselves to blotting with a piece of tissue—and those that suggest no blotting.

The second and equally important tip is to choose your lipstick colors carefully to harmonize with your other make-up coloring as well as with your clothes. You should have a lipstick wardrobe of at least four basic colors and even a couple of extra shades that are the fancy of fashion each new season.

The basic colors—a true red, an orange red, a pink red and a blue red. For fashion's fancy this new season choose one of the lush royal reds with depth and glow. A word of caution—do match your fingertips to your lips!

Below are illustrations of full and narrow liplines. The dotted lines indicate the outline you should follow in adapting or correcting the upper or lower lipline—or both—as you may feel is necessary to achieve the new lush look of today.

Dotted outline shows how to decrease liplines that are too full



Dotted outline shows how to increase liplines that are too narrow



"I don't want pity"

(*Continued from page 49*) her family and the rest of the Italian town of Pozzouli slept for protection from the air raids when the war came. And if it is not a bitter memory, she reasons, why should it be? The crowded tunnel kept her and her family safe from the bombs, didn't it? And when, along with the other townspeople, they emerged at four a.m. to let the first train pass, she could look up and find that the sky hadn't fallen after all . . . find it still there, sprinkled with the diamond-like magic of the dimming stars. From near-suffocation, she could walk into the freshness of the dawn. For Sophia Scicolone there was a special joy in coming home . . . the joy of discovering that somehow her home had escaped destruction.

Sophia Loren has one of the most expensive and exciting wardrobes in Hollywood. And the shoes in her closet number over sixty pair. Sophia Scicolone rarely wore shoes. Too often, she had none. Even in the winter. She thinks back to the little blue dress that carried her through the war, and of her mother's anxious eyes as the dress was worn into little more than a rag. "We must find you another," said her mother. And then she sighed, "But where?"

Where was Mama Romilda's own near-bare closet. She took her prize possession, an old camel's hair coat, and from it cut the dress which Sophia was to wear for the next two years . . . letting down the hem time after time, as she grew.

No money for bread

It has been estimated that Sophia Loren will have earned over two million dollars by the time she is twenty-five. Sophia Scicolone can remember her mother's pitiful wages as a piano teacher, and the long stretches when the whole family was out of work. She can remember when there was no money to buy bread . . . and times when there was no bread to be bought for all the money in the world. "We were so hungry," Sophia says "that we were hardly human. We were all like animals."

Sophia Loren was seen dining at Romanoff's the other night. And how this girl can stow away the food! For Sophia Scicolone, soup flavored with pumpkin pulp and boiled dried chestnuts were treats. Her usual diet was *farinella*, a sort of ground corn like that given to chickens. Mostly there was the rationed black bread, with its center of soft black paste. At first she and her sister Maria would eat only the crust . . . trying to ignore the rest. "Look! See what I can make!" came the cries as the little girls shaped dolls and animals from the black stuff and put them in the sun to dry. But then their hunger would become so great that they would finally, sadly, eat the little statues they had made.

Met Yul Brynner, who just started work in *The Brothers Karamazov*. During the conversation, I mentioned I had heard that the scene in which he fights a bear is out, and I asked why. Brynner quickly replied, "Couldn't find a bear to face me."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

Sophia Loren receives thousands of letters each week from would-be suitors. From the boys of Pozzouli, Sophia Scicolone drew only jeers and taunts. And the dreaded name of *Stecchetta*, or *Little Stick*. What was worse, the name was deserved. Her body had become incredibly thin from lack of proper food.

No choice

So the *Little Stick* resigned herself to her fate. She would have a career. She had no choice. She was too ugly for marriage . . . no man in his right mind would propose to skinny Sophia Scicolone.

Stanley Kramer predicts that Sophia Loren will "explode within the next two or three years as the world's greatest actress." Sophia Scicolone learned how to act from life . . . and the results are reflected in her performances.

While life prepared her for her future roles, it also gave her the courage to overcome career difficulties. When Stanley Kramer contacted her about the part in *The Pride and the Passion*, Sophia was just beginning to learn English. Could the girl handle the assignment? "When you are ready to shoot the picture, I shall be ready to speak the lines in English," she assured him. And she was.

When she was cast in *Legend of the Lost* with John Wayne, the company locationed in the Sahara Desert. "The Sahara Desert is not the romantic place you read about," says Duke. "It's merciless country—and there can be a change of temperature of a hundred degrees between early morning and noon. We were quartered in a place that had a hotel with nine rooms. We had a company of a hundred and fifty people. We had to build a tent city. Sophia took it like a trouper. Matter of fact, she got a big kick out of it. That's only one reason we like her.

"Furthermore," says Duke, "we have every reason to be pleased with her work, and the *way* she worked. The place was dirty and miserable, but she allowed her-



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self to be pushed around. She let us shoot her the way she would naturally be under such circumstances. There was no carefully combed hair. She was hurt three times. Once she sprained her ankle. Another time she slipped on a rock and took the skin off her leg. We didn't know about it until later. She didn't tell us until we'd finished shooting for the day and someone noticed her limping."

But she didn't whimper; she didn't complain. Tears aren't for trifles; tears are for real pain. . . .

Sophia's pain began a few days after her birth in Rome's POLIOCLINICO HOSPITAL. Just as she was beginning to live, she nearly died. She developed acute enterocolitis and when treatments seemed of no help, the doctors advised a change of climate. It was then that Mama Romilda took her daughter back to her own home in Pozzouli.

The Villani home was crowded, and there was no spare space for a nursery. For that matter, there was no crib. Sophia slept with her grandparents, in the warmth of their great bed. And as the months passed, she grew stronger in the sun of southern Italy.

Ricardo Scicolone, her father—who hadn't bothered to marry her mother—was with them fairly often. "His presence," says Sophia, "encouraged my mother to hope for the future, to hope they'd be man and wife." But when Sophia was three, around the time of Maria's birth, Ricardo returned to Rome. To marry another woman. He never came back.

"I am going to beg"

Sophia started elementary school at the age of five. She was a daydreamer. "I was also undisciplined," she smiles, referring to her favorite occupation—hiding schoolmates' notebooks. "If there was an uproar in the classroom, it was logical for the nuns to assume that I had started it."

She was in the second grade when the war came. She screamed with delight when she first saw tracer bullets. "Mama, look at the little balloons!" But mama grabbed her daughter's hand and hurried her along to the nearest shelter.

There were two or three air raids each night. And each night when the warnings came, the family would jump up, scramble to dress and rush to the shelter of the tunnel . . . carrying whatever they could, in case they might return to find their home gone. Eventually, Romilda announced that they would spend entire nights in the tunnel. People began to stand in line at three in the afternoon to be assured of having a place to sleep.

In the summer of 1943, the civilians of Pozzouli were warned to evacuate their town and the whole family went to Naples to stay with relatives. In Naples, there was no water. Civilians would wait for hours beside the few public fountains that did work, grateful to get just a few drops to drink. It was a day for celebration when a cousin came home with his glass nearly full. The entire Villani family shared it . . . each person taking only a few sips.

In Naples the supply of bread became exhausted. One morning, when Romilda could no longer bear her children's cries for food, she told them, "I am going out."

"Where, Mama . . . where . . .?"

She stopped in the doorway and turned back to face them. "I am going to beg."

"She went out," Sophia remembers, "and she returned later with a little piece of bread and a small piece of cheese. A passerby had taken pity on her."

Eventually, when the Allied troops arrived to occupy Naples and the surrounding countryside, Romilda and her family returned to Pozzouli. Their apartment windows were broken and their furniture had been smashed into little pieces. But the four walls were standing, and they seemed the most beautiful walls in the world.

When the GI's came to Pozzouli, Sophia and Maria were among the many children they adopted as pets. The soldiers gave them candy bars and chewing gum, taught them American slang and songs. It was from the GI's that Sophia first learned of Frank Sinatra. She never dreamed that one day she would be his co-star. Neither did the soldiers. Back in the States, they simply wondered what would become of the skinny eleven-year-old . . . the child the other kids called *Stecchetta.*

The *Little Stick* was ashamed to go out, even to school. Especially to school, where her classmates waited to tease her. It seemed forever before her body began to take some sort of shape—but when it happened, the shape was quite breathtaking.

Five days before Sophia was fifteen, Romilda read of a beauty contest to be sponsored by the press club of Naples. The winner of the contest would be called *Queen of the Sea.* The title itself was unimportant. It was when Romilda scanned the list of prizes that she made up her mind and broke the news to the family.

"My granddaughter will enter no beauty contests," stormed grandmother.

But Romilda won them over. In view of the possible rewards, how could Sophia afford *not* to enter? So grandmother searched through her belongings and found a piece of pink faille. She had little know-how when it came to sewing . . . "but a great deal of love went into the dress she made for me," says Sophia.

At the first fitting, Sophia looked down at her feet and moaned. She did not have the proper shoes, and there was no money for a new pair. "I'll make the dress longer so the shoes don't show," said grandmother. And when she had finished, the hemline trailed the floor.

The next problem was in leaving town without the neighbors knowing. Sophia tucked up her skirt so that it wouldn't show beneath her overcoat. The entire family, trying to be inconspicuous, slipped down to the station, where Sophia and her mother caught the local train for Naples.

Sophia was not elected Queen, but she *was* selected as one of the twelve *Princesses of the Sea* . . . and she came home with an armful of prizes: a picture, four books, a tablecloth and a roll of wallpaper . . . and 20,000 lire. Approximately $32.00. The new wallpaper did wonders for the living room and the money saw the Villanis comfortably through the next winter.

Yet Sophia was unhappier than ever. Word of the contest results had reached Pozzouli. When she returned to school, the children laughed at her, calling her *Princess,* and kneeling to kiss her hand. Each morning her mother had to take her to school and leave her at the classroom door. Otherwise, Sophia wouldn't go anywhere except for occasional trips to Naples for drama lessons.

Her unhappiness increased . . . her mood was almost always one of depression. In May of 1950, her mother announced that she would take her away from Pozzouli. With what was left of the contest money, about $3.00, they bought two third-class one-way tickets to Rome. "We had a very tough time at the beginning," Sophia remembers. "We had no money, no friends. We found an inexpensive little room, then went to look for work. We had to find it. We didn't have the fare back to Pozzouli."

Once settled, they climbed aboard the blue tram which went to Cinecitta, the film studio where *Quo Vadis* was being shot. At the gate it was obvious that at least half of Rome was looking for work as extras. They joined the crowd. "We were looking for bread, not glory. We felt lost, hopelessly confused. We didn't think we had a chance of getting in."

Hoping to find work

A few hours later, they found themselves in the crowd standing before director Mervyn LeRoy. He beckoned to Sophia and she went over to him. He spoke to her in Italian. "Can you speak English?"

She knew little about the film industry, but she realized that a line of dialogue would mean more money. "Yes," she said. "Yes, yes!" It was the only English word she knew, except for some GI slang phrases, which didn't seem appropriate.

LeRoy pointed to a line in the script and asked her to read it. There was no slipping into the crowd to find a quick translation. She looked at the print, her face turning pink with embarrassment. She began to stammer. LeRoy smiled a sympathetic smile, and sent her back into the mob.

It was then that Sophia vowed she would learn to speak English right away. The next time she was asked if she knew the language, she would be ready.

Sophia and Romilda were selected as extras for night scenes. Both were pleased when Sophia was given a place near the camera. They had no way of knowing then that none of the other extras wanted to be so close, that by avoiding closeups, they stood a far better chance of being in other scenes.

Mother and daughter spent two nights before the cameras. Between them they earned 21,000 lire. "We must stay here, Sophia," her mother said firmly. "We mustn't leave Rome."

It was Sophia who stayed. Word came that Sophia's little sister Maria was ill with typhoid and Romilda rushed back to Pozzouli to take care of her. Their money went for doctors and medicine . . . and it went quickly. And each day, Sophia—not yet sixteen—

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made the trek to Cinecitta to spend hours in front of the gate, hoping to find more work as an extra. Sometimes succeeding.

More elegant than she had known

When her mother returned from Pozzouli, bringing Maria with her, they set out to look for beauty contests. And when a *Miss Italy* competition was announced, Sophia was one of the first to enter.

The officials didn't care for her name and suggested that she change it to Sophia Villani. They did like her type . . . an "unusual, interesting type." Another girl became *Miss Italy*. The jury made up a brand new title for Sophia . . . *Miss Elegance*.

Again, the contest prizes helped. Sophia went back to extra work and decided to have a go at modeling. Her goal was romance magazines . . . books that ran picture stories, with the dialogue written above the actors' heads. The stories took days to photograph and meant steady employment. For a while, at least.

At first, the editors were less than enthusiastic about Sophia. "You don't know how to pose," they told her. "You cannot make the faces." She learned. And then the editors, unhappy with her name, persuaded her to change it to Sophia Lassaro, hired her, paid her 30,000 lire, $44.00, for ten days of shooting.

She posed for a number of the stories before the executives regretfully told her that they needed new faces and she found herself out of work again. Sophia, Maria and Romilda moved from their cheap room to even cheaper quarters. And Sophia prayed that someday she would be able to give her family a better kind of life.

Her first important movie role was in a film called *White Slave Traffic,* and the studio paid her 250,000 lire. The sum staggered her.

Next she was interviewed for the leading feminine role in a documentary film, *Africa Under the Sea.* "Can you swim?" the studio executives inquired.

Sophia remembered the *Quo Vadis* incident. But in this case, happily, there was no water in sight . . . no test to be passed before she would have a chance to learn to swim. Sophia couldn't so much as float . . . but she could learn. And quickly. "Yes . . . oh, yes, I can swim."

Africa Under the Sea was followed by *Aida.* The director of Aida liked Sophia's work and spoke of her to producer Carlo Pointi. Pointi came to the set to talk with her and when their conversation ended, he offered her a contract. With a regular income assured, she made a down payment on a four room apartment, and moved in with Romilda and Maria.

. . . At a recent première, which was telecast, the announcer said, "Jayne Mansfield is here in full evening dress. In fact, I've never seen a fuller evening dress."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

In an incredibly short period she made almost thirty pictures.

When Stanley Kramer arrived in Europe to search for a leading lady for *The Pride and the Passion,* someone took him to see *Woman of the River.* He saw only Sophia. "That's the girl," he said.

Today, when she says, "I have had a hard life . . ." there is no self-pity in her eyes, but there is pain.

She longs for the day

Several weeks after the party Sophia left for Hollywood. Her friends noted her nervousness at the thought of the new venture. One friend explains, "She's still shy. Every moment. And a little afraid. It's not exactly a fear that she won't be able to do a thing. She knows, somehow, she'll manage. It's a fear of something new, the unknown."

Sophia will manage in Hollywood the way she managed when she made her first American picture. "I remember her first scene," says her friend. "They were shooting her dancing a Flamenco. It really scared her. It was the first time she had worked with an American crew and American people. And there were Spanish people, Flamenco experts, all around. She was as frightened as a little child in the dark. Yet when the music started, and she began to dance, she was absolutely fantastic."

The past . . . and the future

Some say that in time Sophia Loren will forget the existence of Sophia Scicolone. But when she remembers the past, and considers the future, Sophia smiles at the thought. She thinks of the little girl who was heartbroken because she was too ugly for marriage. She thinks of the child who won an acting career . . . and of the rewards. And she thanks God for His goodness.

Forget Sophia Scicolone? She smiles as she longs for the day when she will become a wife and mother . . . and give her children the things she never had. Sophia smiles, for she knows that when *that* day comes, it may be easier for Sophia Scicolone to forget Sophia Loren. **END**

Watch for Sophia in Paramount's DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS, *UA's* A LEGEND OF THE LOST, *Columbia's* WOMAN OF THE RIVER *and* STELLA.

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Wishing won't help your skin—Cuticura will!

"I was an ugly child"

(*Continued from page 60*) to Wade Woodward, a school principal and Elinor Trimmier, a pretty, tiny woman who had been a Southern belle.

But, Joanne was to discover in her teens, she was the opposite of her mother. Her mother was small and smart-looking; Joanne was tall and heavy. Her mother had beautiful skin; Joanne—like most teenagers—was in that period when her complexion was blotchy. Joanne had curly hair and didn't know how to control it. She'd put it up in curlers at night, hoping to train it into smooth, soft waves like her mother's. Instead, her hair became wilder than ever.

Her mother's skill with a needle only added to Joanne's misery. The other girls in school went in groups to the shops to buy their dresses. But all of Joanne's clothes were made for her by her mother—and when her mother sewed for Joanne, she made clothes that she would have worn herself—dainty, frilly clothes with ribbons.

"The minister who married us chipped in some swell advice right after the ceremony. 'Betty,' he recommended to my bride, 'you let Larry make the big decisions in life.'

"'And Larry,' he added to me, 'leave the little decisions to the little woman.'

"That's the way it's always been with us. I make the big decisions, like what they should do about the big national debt, or about the Suez situation, or controlling the H Bomb; and Betty decides the little things—like, *where we'll live, how much we'll spend, where we'll go on our vacation, and trivial things like that!*"

Larry Parks

"I looked like a sausage in those dresses," Joanne smiles today. "What Mother would have looked beautiful in—were *horrible* for me. The ruffles only brought out my dumpiness."

A world of dreams

All during her early teens she lived in a world half real, half imaginary. Reality was too agonizing to face.

"I looked at myself in the mirror and felt uglier and uglier. My mother was working in the office of a war plant at the time, so there was no one at home to confide in. I cried bitterly, and later, after my blues had subsided, I sat down and started dreaming. In this dream world I was tiny and pretty."

She disliked even her blonde hair. Once, hoping to make it black, she poured a bottle of ink on her hair. When her horrified mother saw what had happened, she did her best to shampoo the black ink out of Joanne's hair.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "What are you trying to do, ruin your looks?"

"How can I ruin them," said Joanne bitterly, "when they're already a mess?"

"A mess?" said her mother, startled. "And what's wrong with your looks?"

She sobbed out her misery

"I'm fat, horribly fat," sobbed Joanne.

"It's just baby fat," said her mother, soothingly. "It will go away."

But Joanne didn't believe her.

At twelve, Joanne weighed 130 pounds and was five foot five—the height she is today. Her unhappiness about the baby fat was a vicious circle. She was so miserable that she ate whole boxes of fudge to comfort herself. Because she ate so many sweets, her skin was oily, broken out. She picked on the pimples, then covered her face with powder, and that made it worse. Then she would sit in the hot sun for hours, hoping it would tan her skin and clear up the blotches. But she would get too much sun and her sensitive, fair skin would blister and grow worse. Her misery would begin all over again and she would be eating boxes of fudge—fudge and pop—one bottle of pop after another.

Couldn't take it

Then one day, in the middle of her life of day-dream beaux and fun, she was forced to face reality.

She had spent the night with girl friends at a slumber party. They decided to play a game called *Truth*—in which each girl tells the bitter truth about the other. "A frightening invention," laughs Joanne today.

When Joanne's turn came, the girls said, "Let's face it, you're too fat."

She couldn't take it in stride, as the other girls had apparently taken each other's criticisms. That night she couldn't sleep. She couldn't even retire to a world of dreams in which she could be tiny. She had to do something about it.

Instead of going on a sensible diet, she stopped eating for a week. Her mother was at the defense plant and didn't know how Joanne was starving herself. Joanne's face grew gaunt and pale. By the end of the week, she was ill.

Instead of taking this as a warning, she tried to stretch her fantastic, health-wrecking diet for a few more weeks. Only the fact that she had a sturdy constitution saved her from serious illness. On a rampage to change herself, she went to extremes, and for a long time afterwards couldn't eat normally.

The baby fat vanished—but not the girl who was still so unsure of herself.

She had grown svelte and beautiful—but she still saw herself as she had been—dumpy, pimply, ugly. She didn't realize the boys were beginning to look at her with admiration. Often a boy would want to go steady with her, but sooner or later, her own insecurity would shake his affection. She was still young—how could she know that many of the things she feared would happen *did* happen because her own fears *made* them happen?

An unreasonable jealousy

There was Don. A tall, handsome boy who adored her. He went with her for two years and did his best to put up with her moods. But her jealousy was too unreasonable for any boy to be able to put up with. If Don even looked at another girl, Joanne was convinced that the other girl would take him away from her. She went into tantrums and accused him of things he had never done. And finally, one night after she'd flown into a rage because she thought he looked admiringly at another girl, he told her quietly, "I used to be crazy about you, Joanne, but that's all over now. I can't take it any more. We're through. I'm sorry."

And he really was, but that night Joanne sobbed herself to sleep. For many succeeding nights, she couldn't sleep. She could hear Don's words ringing in her ears: *"I can't take your moods any more. We're through."*

"I don't blame him," she said, accusing herself in the mirror. "You hurt everyone you know—and then they hurt you."

"The only time I was happy," Joanne told me, "was when I was acting. I felt so inferior to everybody else about everything that I *had* to lose myself in the make-believe world of acting. It was the only way I could escape from being myself. To be someone else—even for a little while."

And she had grown to be a beautiful, beautiful girl!

More a failure than ever

When she went to college, LOUISIANA STATE, she felt all the other girls were more talented than she. Her urge for acting made her try to get into the important class plays. She wanted to play the title role in *Salome* when it was being cast, although it was a role completely unsuited to her personality.

"Salome was everything I wanted to be—sexy, voluptuous. I didn't get the part, of course."

She felt herself more a failure than ever.

She had always felt alone in the world—but when her parents got a divorce, she felt more alone than ever.

After two years at LOUISIANA STATE, Joanne went to New York to try to get on the stage. She lived with her father and her new stepmother, and between acting tries, worked as a photographer's model.

If she had been less confused, she might have accepted her modeling jobs as a tribute to her beauty. But she didn't. When the photographers would tell her how to pose, she withdrew into her shell, furious at them for picking on her. She thought their directions were just a way of saying to her—*You're not really pretty, but we'll try to make the best of what you haven't got.*

"And the shell got so comfortable, I couldn't make friends," she explains.

Getting corny at the wrong time costs money, as Walt Disney discovered while filming *Old Yeller*, starring Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker and Jeff York.

Scenes in the frontier drama called for a corn patch—acres and acres of corn patch. But corn was out of season at the time the picture was under way. So a hot house was paid to grow 5,000 corn stalks in flower pots, and then transplant the corn on location. Disney's bill for the off-season corn: $5,000!

With fear in her heart, she tried for an acting job at the NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE in New York, an excellent training ground for aspiring actors.

Joanne was amazed when she was accepted by the PLAYHOUSE. But almost immediately, her joy turned to fear. When the director began to tell her how she should play her scenes, she felt he was trying to humiliate her in front of everyone, and so she argued with him violently.

When the scene was over, a teacher at the PLAYHOUSE—a small, gray-haired woman with wise, humorous eyes—walked up to her and said, "You seem upset, Joanne."

"I am," said Joanne. "I'm churning inside. Did you see the way the director picked on me? Just because I'm new here, does he have the right to walk all over me?"

"Do you honestly think he picked on you?" asked the woman gently. "You're new here. True. But isn't it possible that *because* you're new he felt you needed a little more help than the others—and went

but of his way to give you extra help?"

"That's nonsense," said Joanne bitterly. "He humiliated me. He hates me."

"Why should he hate you?"

"Because I'm dreadful. Almost everybody hates me when they get to know me. I can't blame them. I wake up each morning hating myself."

"Do you mean to say that you, one of God's children, created in His image, hate His work?"

"How can you talk of God and me in the same breath?"

"The first thing God expects of us is to love Him, and then to love our neighbors. Don't you remember that the Bible says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' It means that we *do* love ourselves, and that God *expects* us to love ourselves. If we don't love ourselves, with all our faults and imperfections, how can we possibly love others?

"Look out at the tree in the back yard, Joanne. It's an elm tree, isn't it? Can you imagine that elm tree rebelling against God, and wishing it were an oak instead?

"The price we pay for having a human brain is divine discontent, Joanne. And that discontent can be wonderful if it teaches us to improve ourselves. But if it makes us so dissatisfied with ourselves that we go around saying, 'People are horrible, and I'm horrible, too'—then we are like a tree rebelling against its Maker for having made it an elm instead of an oak.

"If you're an elm tree, Joanne, and not an oak tree, why not try to be the best elm tree you can? There's glory in being an elm, too."

A stab of despair

Joanne didn't learn to change through one talk. It took much time and many talks with her teacher. Whenever Joanne would express dissatisfaction with something she had done or resentment against someone else, her teacher would say, "Do you expect to be perfect, Joanne? Don't you realize that no human being is ever *really* perfect—that at best we can only *try* for perfection, knowing we'll never hit the mark."

Joanne gradually began to overcome her fears and her feeling that others hated her. Of course, she didn't overcome them all in a single season!

Terrified

A year ago, Joanne came to Hollywood on vacation and did several TV shows. She was doing much better now, not only because she was a more accomplished actress with a great deal of individuality—but because she was much more sure of herself as a person.

Maurice Chevalier (in *Love In The Afternoon*): "In France the only difference between a man of 40 and one of 70 is 30 years of experience."

Earl Wilson in the N. Y. Post

She was signed by 20TH CENTURY-FOX, and she played two leading roles; then for a year—nothing. She went back to New York, discouraged—thinking her Hollywood career was over. Then, she received an urgent call—*Return to Hollywood immediately for the starring role in* THE THREE FACES OF EVE.

It was on the train to Hollywood that she had her first chance to read the script. She was terrified—it was a very demanding role.

"In the past," Joanne remembers, "I would have trembled with fright. I would have told myself I couldn't do it. I might even have gotten off the train.

"This time, I decided that I would face it. When I got to Hollywood, I worked on the script night and day, trying to understand this confused girl with three personalities.

"And I just kept trying to remember what my teacher—that wonderful woman—always said to me, 'Don't be a carbon copy. Be yourself. If you're an elm, be the best elm you can be.'

"In the years since I first met her, I have learned to accept myself, to have faith in my own judgment.

"Before I often did things I didn't want to do when someone would ask me, because I didn't have the courage of my own convictions. Now I think of myself as a person, with the right and the ability to think for myself. I can make decisions with ease, because I am no longer caught in a swirl of feeling hateful—and inferior.

"In the past, if I had been asked to pose for a layout in which I didn't believe, I would have rebelled against it inside, but agreed to do it and then hate everyone connected with it.

"Now when I'm asked to do something I don't believe in, I say, 'No, I don't believe in it'—and I'm not tormented. I simply forget it.

"When a director says, 'Joanne, you're not playing that scene right,' I don't hate him or think he's picking on me. He's simply doing his job.

"For instance, one afternoon we were shooting a scene from *Three Faces* and all of a sudden Nunnally yelled, 'Cut!'

"I stopped, wondering what could be the matter. Nunnally—that's Nunnally Johnson who wrote and directed the play—Nunnally shook his head at me and said,

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The Make-Up of Young Moderns

'Joanne. This is the scene where you change from one person to another. The change has to be complete.'

"I looked at him a little puzzled and asked what he meant. What wasn't I doing?

" 'The minute you become Eva Black,' he said, 'you have to show in every movement what you are. You're very brazen and very gay. You like to have fun and you like to flirt. Just the way you sit in that chair or walk across the room has to show that you're brazen and that you want to attract Lee Cobb.'

"So I tried it again. And when I changed personalities, I was freer in my actions. I flirted a little, and when I walked across the room, I had a real swing in my hips.

"We worked over that scene all afternoon and after the final shooting, Nunnally walked up to me. He congratulated me and said I had done a great job. He told me that scene ought to be one of the best in the movie.

"Then he told me how much he enjoyed working with me, how very co-operative I was. Coming from him, that was quite a compliment. And I know it was something I never would have heard a few years ago.

A strong resolve

"I'm much happier today. I've accepted myself. At least, I don't want to be someone else. I found that when I faced things calmly and constructively, I could improve myself without going into an emotional tailspin. Last year, I went to a dermatologist who gave me a prescription to clear up my skin. I believe that it is just as important to keep your mind and emotions clear as it is to keep your skin clear.

"I still worry, but now I worry about something that exists—not about things that don't. If something can be done about them, I try to do it quickly. If nothing can be done, I accept the situation as bravely as possible.

"When I finally saw myself in *Three Faces* I saw a lot of things I wished I could do over again. But I guess the studio doesn't agree with me. Nunnally thinks we have a great picture. I hope he's right. I realize that I'm a new-comer in pictures and that I can't possibly judge. So I have accepted myself both as a woman and as an actress, with a resolve to try to improve, but never again to be guilty of hating myself.

"I still have a lot to work toward that end—but I believe I'm on the way. I am content now," said Joanne Woodward, her green eyes growing soft and thoughtful.

"At last I know that I shall—and can—do my best . . . and I leave the rest in God's hands."

Joanne is currently in 20th Century-Fox's THE THREE FACES OF EVE *and* NO DOWN PAYMENT. *She will soon be in* THE YOUNG LIONS, *also for 20th.*

death ride

(Continued from page 31) This particular sunny afternoon opened the last chapter in the life of this boy whom millions loved—and still love. . . .

He was walking with that slow gait of his, a toy monkey on a rubber band hanging from his wrist, hopping up and down with each movement of Jimmy's arm. Jimmy was in a completely carefree, happy mood. We shook hands, and we talked about—sports cars, what else? Jimmy wanted to enter the big-car class in his next race—the class for cars with the large, powerful engines. That was Jimmy's big dream. And he told me about the big Bristol car he had ordered.

That was when I remembered about the Porsche *Spyder* we had on sale. I told Jimmy about this car—told him how powerful it was and that it might be just what he wanted to make his dream come true. Next day Jimmy was at the shop to look it over. It was September 19, 1955. He drove it once around the block. And really liked it. He made one condition before buying the car—he made me promise that I would personally check it before each and every race he took part in, and that I was to ride with him to all the races. Naturally, I said *yes* because I couldn't think of anything I'd like better.

The last ride . . .

The filming of *Giant* was scheduled to end that same week. Jimmy's contract didn't allow him to enter car races during the shooting of a picture, so Jimmy wasn't free to drive in a race till the following weekend—the fateful weekend of October 1, 1955. He was going to take part in an airstrip race, about three hundred miles from Los Angeles. But time was running short, and before entering such a race a driver should really get acquainted with his car. The *Spyder* should have been driven by Jimmy for at least five hundred miles. That's why Jimmy told me, "We won't take the car by trailer to Salinas. We'll drive there. You come along, and on the way you can check things." We met that Friday morning of October 1st, in my workshop at COMPETITION MOTORS. It was only eight in the morning when I went to work checking Dean's *Spyder*—the motor, oil pressure, ignition, spark plugs, tires—and all the rest of it. Jimmy paced the floor. Once he thought I was taking too long and he came over and tried to help me. I said "No thanks. You'll only complicate things!" He walked away, with that grin of his, and thumbed through a newspaper. But several times he came back and asked a thousand questions which I had to answer very exactly and in great detail. When the *Spyder* was all ready I fixed a safety belt for Jimmy on the driver's seat. I didn't fix one for the passenger's seat: Jimmy would be alone in the car during the race. He sat in the car and tried the safety belt.

It was just before ten a.m. when Jimmy's friends, film extra Bill Hickman and photographer Sandy Roth, showed up. They were to go with us to Salinas in Jimmy's station wagon, a 1955 Ford. Jimmy's father and his uncle Charles Nolan walked in and Jimmy drove his uncle around the block a couple of times. Charles put his arm around Jimmy's shoulder and said jokingly, "Be careful, Jim. You're sitting on a bomb!"

Around noon we were ready. Jimmy wearing light blue trousers and a white T shirt, threw his red jacket behind the seat in the car and fixed sun lenses to his glasses. At one-thirty we said goodbye to his friends, his father and his uncle, and I sat down beside Jimmy in the *Spyder* as Jimmy took the wheel. Someone took a last snap of us. Jimmy gripped my hand and pulled it up in some kind of salute. This was the very last picture that was ever taken of James Dean. The last picture of him . . . alive.

Traffic was very heavy at this time of day. We went out to Ventura Boulevard, filled up the gas tank and reached Highway 99, which cuts through the mountains between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. Sometimes we were leading, sometimes the station car with Bill Hickman and Sandy Roth took the lead. The sun was high in the sky. I listened to the sound of the Porsche's motor—and it was purring. Jimmy kept nudging me again and again. "What's the rev number?" "How's the oil temp?" "You sure this is the right road?"

A warning to Jimmy

Jimmy Dean was very happy. We whistled and sang, cracked jokes, and Jimmy laughed loudest at his own jokes—in that way of his. We smoked one cigarette after the other, and I lit them for Jimmy, hunching low under the windscreen as the wind tore along—almost taking the glowing tip of the cigarette away with it. Jimmy was in high spirits, and we felt like we had been very close friends for a long time. The setting was ideal—a very fast car on a sunny day with a long stretch of road ahead of us.

A few minutes before three we stopped at a roadside snack-bar. Jimmy ordered a glass of milk for himself and would not rest until I had an ice cream soda. I began to feel uneasy about the race—felt as though maybe I'd better warn Jimmy—"Don't go too fast!" I said, my face dead serious. "Don't try to win! The *Spyder* is something quite different from the *Speedster. Don't* drive to win; drive to get experience!" "Okay, Rolf," he said with a smile, a sort of smile that laughed at me and my fears for him.

A gift of friendship from Jimmy

"Give me the signs when I'm going over the rounds!" he said. Then he hesitated for a moment. He pulled a ring from his finger. It wasn't an expensive ring—just some little souvenir he had picked up, but I knew he had a sentimental attachment to the ring. He handed it to me.

"Why?" I asked.

"I want to give you something," he said. "To show we're friends, Rolf." I was touched. The ring just fitted on my small finger. My hand was much bigger than Jimmy's.

After a while Jimmy's two friends arrived in the station wagon. "Don't let him drive too fast," they said half jokingly, half serious, as Jimmy climbed behind the steering wheel again.

A few minutes later, there was a police car chasing us. They stopped us and handed Jimmy a summons—he was over the speed limit of fifty miles per hour. The police handed another summons to the driver of the station wagon. The funny thing was that Officer O. V. Hunter seemed to be much more interested in the gray Porsche than in his summons, and Jimmy answered all his questions as if they were two drivers gabbing over a cup of coffee. Before we took off again, Jimmy told his friends, "We'll wait for you at Paso Robles. We'll have dinner there." Paso Robles was about a hundred and fifty miles along the road.

"Non stop to Paso Robles"

It was late afternoon. The road was one gray line cutting through a monotonous landscape—here and there a very slight bend, otherwise straight ahead. It felt like driving on an endless ruler. The only break in the monotony was at Blackwells Corners—a service station with a small store attached to it, in the middle of nowhere. When we reached Blackwells Corners a sleek, grey Mercedes was parked in front of the store, another of the racing cars on the road to Salinas. Jimmy stepped on the brake and we got out of the car. He took a close look at the Mercedes and chatted with the owner, Lance Reventlow, the twenty-one-year-old son of Barbara Hutton, until the station wagon caught up with us again. "How do you like the *Spyder* now?" Jimmy's friends asked him.

Grand!" Jimmy replied. "I'm going to eat it well. I'm going to keep this baby r a *long* time." Jimmy bought a bag full apples, and hopped back into the car. e was raring to go. "Non-stop to Paso obles!" he shouted and jammed down e accelerator without fastening his safety elt. Blackwells Corners was our last stop. We had been on Highway 466 ever since e went through Bakersfield and now it as deserted. No car except our Spyder id the station wagon as far as we could e. Jimmy went faster now—a very natul thing to do when you are all alone a good road in a racing car. It was st past five in the afternoon. The sun, ball of fire, shone directly in our eyes. was still very hot and the heat flickered id danced on the sandy brown road. To e right and left of us was desert; in front us, an endless ribbon of a road.

ames Dean—beyond help

"Everything okay?" Jimmy asked.

"Everything okay," I answered, half zing. The monotonous hum of the ene was like a soft cradle song.

We were not talking now—not of Pier ngeli or of Dean's mother or of anything. he only thought on Jimmy's mind was inning that race. There was no doubt of at: that's all he talked about. I felt a tle uneasy again. I glanced at Jimmy it could see no shadow of fear across s face. He had no premonitions of his ath.

A few minutes before six o'clock it hapned.

We were near Cholane.

A 1950-model Ford was coming at us. Suddenly the car swung out toward the nter of the highway to turn onto Highay 41, its left wheels over the center e.

Then we hit. My head slammed against e dashboard, and my body was thrown it of the car, yards down the highway. I ssed out instantly.

Dimly I remember being lifted by amlance workers. I came to when the bulance—racing along at top speed th sirens screaming—lurched to miss a ssenger car and I was almost flung from y upper-berth stretcher. Then I thought, *mmy! Where was Jimmy? What had ppened to him?* I saw him as though I ere looking through a leaden haze. There was—my friend Jimmy—lying limp, vered with blood, bones fractured, his ck broken. He was beyond help—anye's help.

James Dean was dead. . . .

Again and again, during the months that lay in the hospital in plaster casts with y face lost in weird wire structures, I rmented my memory to recall those few conds before Jimmy's death . . .

Was there an instant before he died, hen he knew that he was dying . . .

Did he know pain . . .

I do not know. The only thing I can member is the soft cry that escaped om Jimmy . . . the little whimpering cry a boy wanting his mother—or of a man cing his God. . . .

The driver of the other car was a young student named Donald Turnupseed. When Donald found out that he was responsible for the crash, he broke down in tears. "I didn't see him; my God, I didn't see him," he wept. Donald himself suffered almost no injuries.

Rolf Wütherich left the hospital on crutches. Three months later, he underwent a bone grafting operation, connecting his hip bones with an eight-inch silver nail and screws.

The ring Jimmy gave Rolf at Ridge Route was torn from Rolf's finger when he was thrown out of the car. He still has a scar where the ring was. This ring—Jimmy's gift of friendship to him—lies buried somewhere in the desert where Jimmy died . . .

END



DOCTORS' SCIENTIFIC FORMULA

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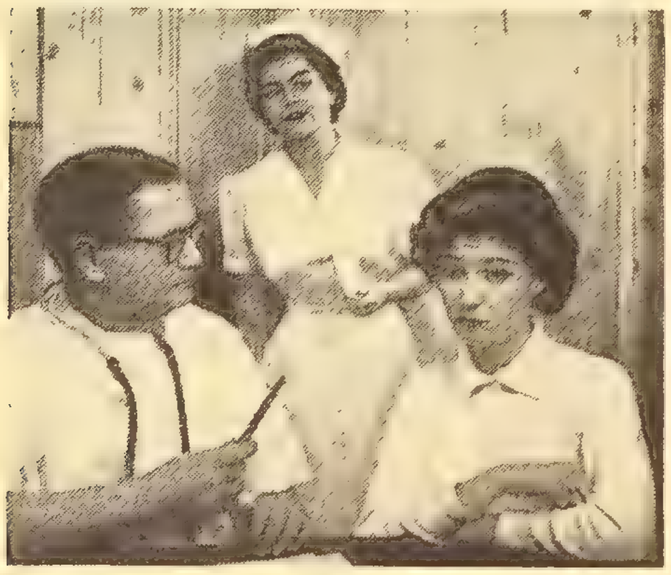
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Special New Tablet Relieves Monthly Cramps for 3 out of 4 in Tests!



Amazing new formula developed especially for female distress gives greater relief than aspirin!

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In doctors' tests painful distress was relieved for 3 out of 4 women! Many didn't suffer even on the *first* day! They also escaped much of the jitters and unhappy tension so common as you approach that trying time of month.

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big jayne and little jayne

(*Continued from page 56*) girl was really starting to grow up. "That morning, after I left her, I drove over to the studio. After all my years of praying and dreaming, I was driving into a studio—I was coming through the front gate as a star. But when I passed the gate and parked on the lot I couldn't help thinking to myself that it all seemed so sort of anti-climax—after just taking my baby to her first day of school. . . .

"That is my real world," Jayne Mansfield will tell you . . . maybe just before she steps into the brilliant glow of searchlights turned on for an important premiere.

The crowds shout, and push each other, fight for front-row standing room. Her big, fire-engine-red LINCOLN convertible, top down, signals to the crowd that Jayne Mansfield is making her entrance.

"We want Jayne," they scream. The police soon lose control of the crowd rushing forward toward the beautiful blonde in the low-cut white sheath dress.

"Hey, Jayne, how about an autograph?" a young girl yells out, and poised in the air like an acrobat, Jayne Mansfield calmly reaches over into the sea of faces, plucks the autograph book up into mid-air, signs her name and hands it back to her fan. Ten . . . twenty . . . fifty . . . a hundred times she reaches over and signs the books and pieces of paper . . . and smiles. She chats with them and answers their questions and signs their books.

Finally, home. Carefully taking off her white dress and the huge earrings that look like electric light bulbs, Jayne walks into the kitchen for a glass of water—and on the sink is a *Debbie Reynold's Coloring Book* her daughter has been working on. It is still open to Jayne Marie's favorite page—Debbie dressed as a ballerina. And Jayne Mansfield smiles, remembering Jayne Marie's passion at the moment. She wants to be a ballerina when she grows up. True, she's been wavering a little bit—Jayne Marie can't decide whether to be just a dancer or to be a movie star too, like her Mommy.

Jayne is tired. It has been a long day. Before going to bed she gently opens the door to her daughter's room. Only the soft glow of the night light, a clown's nose that lights up, fills the room. The pink organdy spread is carefully folded at the foot of the bed and the pink curtains—with the chocolate dogs, cats and bunnies running wild, look almost real in the soft light.

And Jayne Mansfield's *real* world, six-and-a-half-year-old Jayne Marie Mansfield, is fast asleep.

Jayne drops an extra-light kiss on the tip of a tiny nose, and then goes to her own bedroom, with the pale glow of the clown's light to lead her way down the hall.

Not the glaring searchlights which earlier that evening had been a part of her life as a star.

And she's still in her real world when she hears a tiny whisper the next morning. "Move over, Mommy, I'm coming into bed."

Every morning it's the same. Mother and daughter together; always the hug, and always the warm feeling as Jayne clings to her baby. No flashbulbs. No cameras. Only mother, daughter, two chihuahuas, a French poodle and a scottie dog in this scene—from life.

Then—and it seems only a minute has passed—it's time for Jayne to get out of bed, dress, kiss her daughter good-bye and start for the studio. Hours later, after shooting scenes, posing for several photographers, getting her hair set and answering some fan mail, Jayne gets back into her pink jaguar and heads for home. And at home, just about the first thing she hears are the little voices of Jayne Marie and her friends. They're having and afternoon 'tea' party—lemonade 'tea.'

The lemonade pitcher is almost empty. The tiny sandwiches nearly all eaten. But the guests at Jayne Marie's daily tea party are busily occupied discussing a pressing problem.

"I haven't made up my mind yet, but I know I'll be a Bluebird. That's what Mommy was," says Jayne Marie.

Jayne Mansfield smiles and throws her daughter a kiss as she circles behind the porch where the little girls sit. And treating her daughter with the courtesy she would show a grown-up, Jayne just tip-toes to the patio and settles herself there.

Glamour girl and mother

"We have the closest mother-daughter relationship ever," Jayne will tell you given half a chance. Her daughter is one subject she adores talking about. "Especially since the divorce," she adds. "Before she goes to sleep, we have a regular ritual. She puts her head on my lap and says her prayers. Until lately she prayed most to be allowed to sleep with all the dogs on her bed. But I've discouraged that, so she's given up. Then after prayers, she climbs into bed and I sing to her. She

Nine-year-old Tina Sinatra is a character, an individualist, as everyone knows who has met her. She had a birthday a few days ago and her father, Frank Sinatra, telephoned to ask her what she wanted for a birthday gift.

"Air conditioning for all four of us," was the reply.

So Frank sent four units—one for the bedroom of Miss Tina, one for Nancy Jr., one for Frankie Jr., and one for the mother of the children, Nancy Sinatra Sr.

Louella Parsons

has three special lullabies, always the same ones, always sung in the same order *Bye, Lo My Baby,* and *Rockabye, Bab* and *Lullaby and Goodnight.* It's a very sweet moment. I always hold her hand and at the last chorus she joins in and then we kiss goodnight.

"Jayne Marie is conscious of the fact that I'm a star but she never says anything to me about it. Directly, that is," Jayne laughs. "Like the other day when I walked her down to the bus stop to wait for the school bus to pick her up. One of her little friends was there. The child's shoes were untied, so I bent over to lace them for her. As I bent down I heard Jayne Marie whisper to her friend 'You have a movie star tying your shoes. You're lucky!'

"A lot of times I go over and pick Jayne Marie up after school. When I do a lot of the children come over and talk to me and tell me they saw me on TV or in the movies. I like to go to school and have my daughter and the other children see me as a mother. Actually I'm playing a dual role: glamor girl and mother. Maybe that's why I feel it's doubly important to balance things by being just as close a mother as I can.

"Every Sunday we go to All Saints' Episcopal Church together. Then after Jayne Marie is through in Sunday School I like to take her to an amusement park or to a show. Sunday is our day. I try to

see to it that Jayne Marie gets to do just what she wants to. Sometimes, especially since I've been back in Hollywood, it's very hard to go out any place in public with her, like to a park. Because people ask for my autograph and I don't think it's wise for her to see that all the time. Jayne Marie is very proud of me. She likes the idea of other children talking about me and the fact that she has a famous mother. I'd rather she was not aware of the fact that I may be different from other parents, but I know that can't be. It would be impossible. But despite all of this Jayne Marie is a very normal little girl. I hate to use the word 'normal,' I think it's a poor choice of words for what I'm trying to say . . . but everybody uses it. Anyway, my daughter is happy and healthy and to me that's what is important. "We do a lot of things together. Take dancing lessons, swim, cook. In fact, at the moment, Jayne Marie is sort of a junior Betty Furness. She loves to cook and has a little stove in her bedroom aside from using the regular one in the kitchen. Her specialty is making frozen food. She does that best. She opens the package, boils the water, drops the food in and then when it's done she butters it. It gives her a big feeling of accomplishment.

"Lots of times she has little friends in for dinner. I try to see to it that she has lots of company since she's an only child. . . .

An only child. . . .

Had to tell them

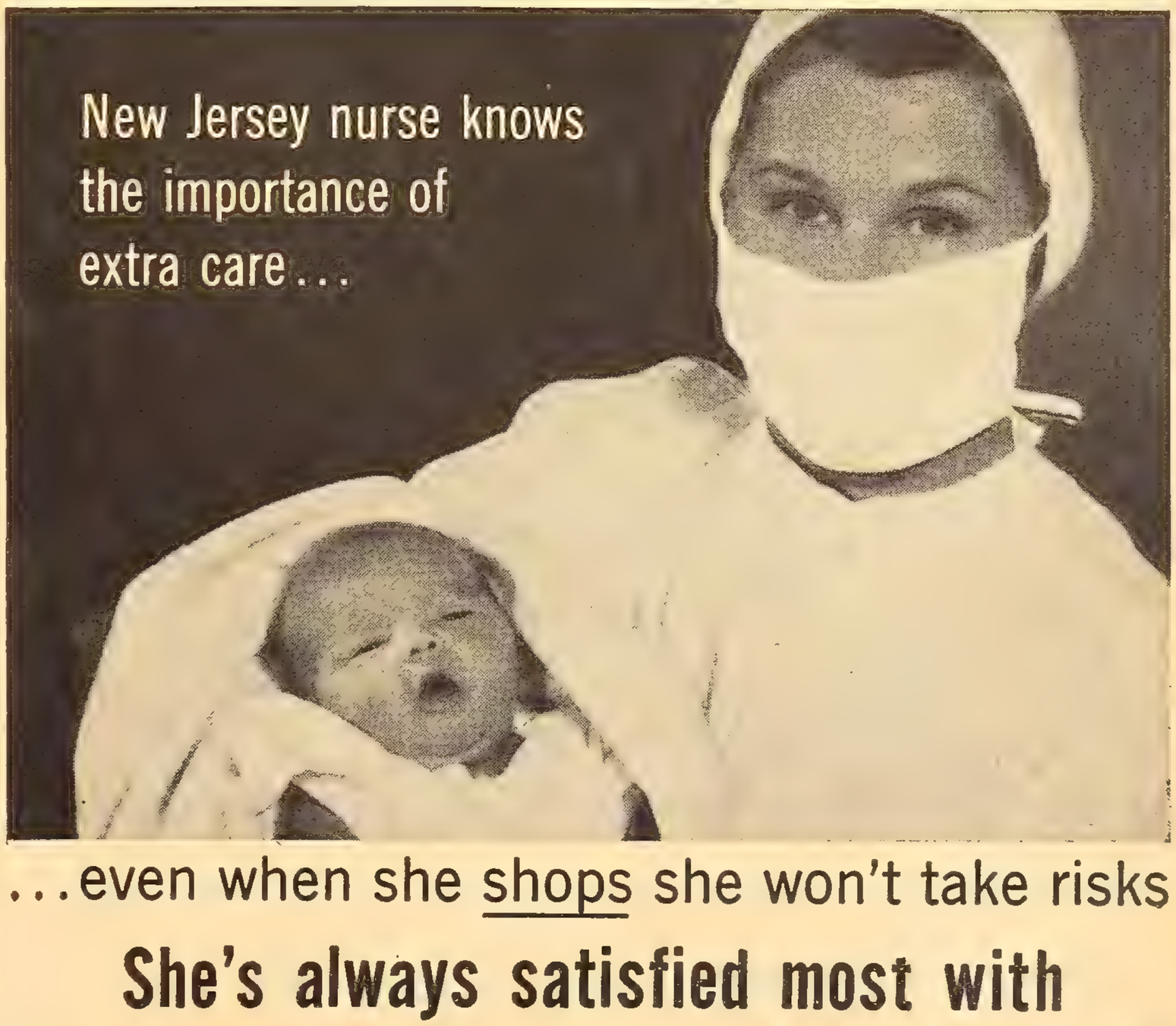
Jayne was sixteen and in love with Paul Mansfield. They wanted to elope, and so they did. They were married in a little chapel in Fort Worth, Texas. They had decided not to tell anybody about the elopement, so that same night Jayne had gone back to her home in Dallas and Paul had gone to his. It was January of 1950 and Jayne still had one more term of high school to finish before she graduated. After graduation, she figured, would be time enough to tell everyone.

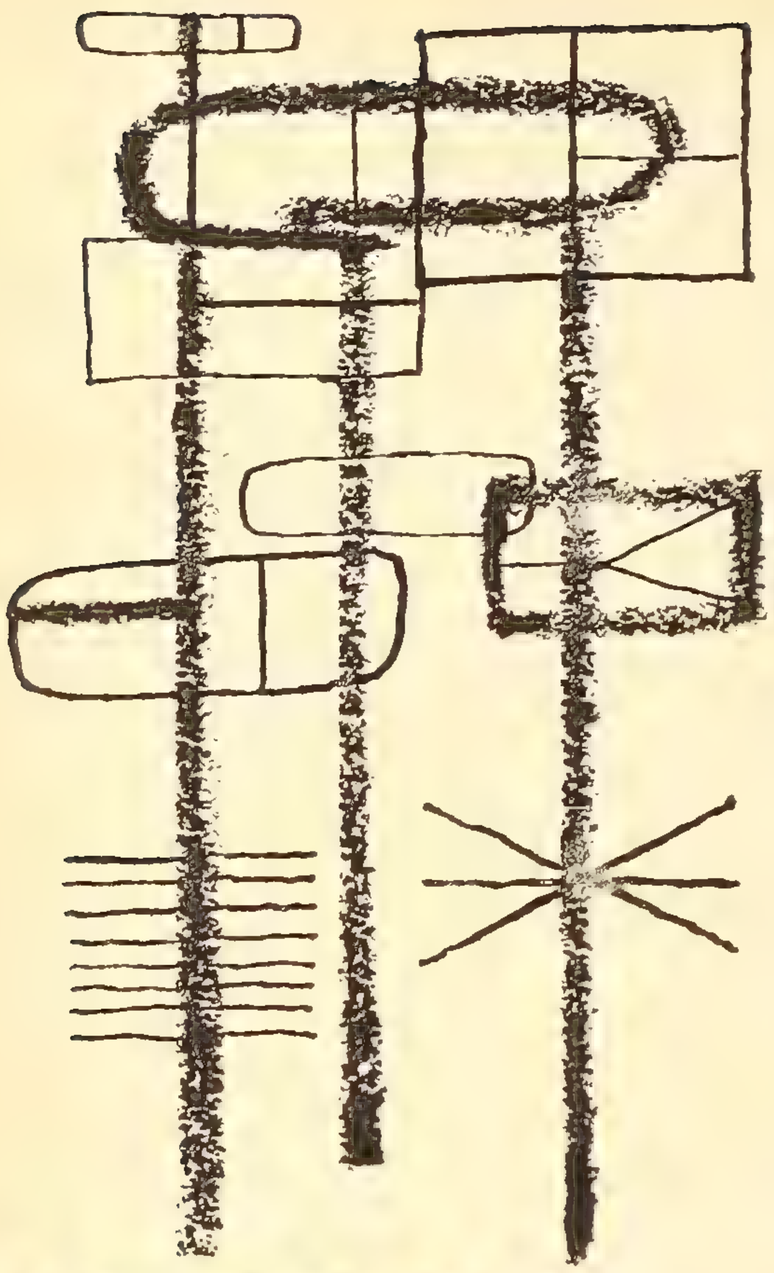
"But then I got pregnant. I knew I was pregnant because I started being sick in the morning and everything smelled like flowers. I'd sit in class and feel awful but no one at school knew I was even married, so I couldn't complain. Also, I was a little scared. There was some sort of rule that a pregnant girl couldn't graduate on the platform with the rest of the class and I wanted to get my diploma like everyone else. So I'd sit through chemistry and algebra and cooking and I'd feel miserable but I just couldn't let anyone know. But when I found out I was going to have a baby I knew I'd better tell my folks I was married! When I told them about the elopement—well, I guess it was because Mother wanted to see me as a bride and it was something she'd always looked forward to—she seemed too quiet. Until Daddy said, "So we'll have *another* wedding ceremony!" Then Mother's face lit up.

Please don't let me cry

"After graduation—yes, I got my diploma on the platform. Jayne Marie-to-come was still so small nobody could tell yet she was on the way! Anyway, after graduation we had a reception and publicly announced the marriage. That summer Paul went away to an R.O.T.C. summer camp in Augusta, Georgia. Because of the baby, I stayed at home. But I made the days go by fast because I got into a routine. Every morning I'd get up at seven, get dressed and count the minutes until I could take the eight-ten bus for downtown Dallas. I'd go to the A. Harris Department Store and sit in the knitting department from nine-thirty until five-







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magazine
every month

thirty when the store closed. I wouldn't even take off time for lunch. I'd just sit there all day and knit. I had a passion to make things for my baby. I knitted a blue blanket cover and a yellow nightie, booties and mittens. I wanted to play it safe with the colors," Jayne laughs. "Then when the store closed I'd go home, have dinner and then sit down and write Paul about what I'd done during the day. This went on for over three months.

"Then came that day in November of 1950. We were having lunch and I was just finishing a piece of watermelon. I said to Paul, 'This is it. Let's go.' I remember thinking, as I went in to get dressed, that it was lucky Paul was home. Actually he had come back from summer camp and then gone away to college. I hadn't wanted to be separated but my mother wouldn't let me go with him since I was expecting the baby. She was afraid. I guess I was pretty dominated at the time, which is unusual for me. Anyway I went in to get dressed. So many times I'd rehearsed in my mind what I would do when the baby was coming. And now I did just like I planned. I stayed calm. I wanted to look nice. I put on my best black maternity skirt with a black and green checked top. Then I very carefully put on my make-up, like I was going to a tea or something! When we got to the hospital I was in pain, but still I acted calm. I walked up to the nurse at the desk and said, 'My name is Jayne Mansfield. I'm going to have a baby. Could you give me a room?'

"They told me afterwards that I acted like a fashion model putting on a show!

"It was a Catholic hospital, ST. PAUL'S. I remember there was a crucifix above my bed. I kept looking up at it, trying not to make any noise as the pain got worse. I heard a lot of women moaning and I kept thinking to myself, *God, please don't let me cry.* But I did.

"I remember waking up the next day. Paul was there and I asked him, 'Did I have it?'

"'Yes.'

"'Is it all right?'

"'Perfect!'

"'What is it?'

"'A girl.'

Very busy days

"Then they brought her to me. She was crying, but she was very beautiful. She wasn't red. She had black hair. It's the most wonderful feeling I've ever experienced. She was so beautiful. Like an angel. . . .

"When she was six weeks old, the three of us set out for the University of Texas, in Austin. Even before the new term started I went to work to make some money to buy my books and pay the tuition. Since it's a state university the tuition isn't too high, but the books added up. My grandparents had saved some money for me to be used for a college education. But they wanted me to go to either a girls' school or a Methodist college, but since Texas U. was neither one, they didn't give me the money—so I earned it.

"Luckily we found a wonderful woman named Mrs. Crenshaw who helped us take care of the baby. Most of the time we took the baby to class, but when we couldn't I'd take her in a little basket, complete with diapers and formula and Mrs. Crenshaw would take care of her. When I took Jayne Marie to class with me my standard equipment was text books and a blue and yellow formula kit. And if necessary I'd even change the baby's diapers right in class. The professors were wonderful about letting me do it.

"I had another set routine at Austin. Up at six, make the formula, fold diapers, then rush to make my first class at seven. I modelled from eight to eleven, for an art class sponsored by the TEXAS FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS. It was a twenty-block walk from campus to the club house and I'd run most of the way pushing the baby carriage. Then from eleven to five I'd have classes again. Sometimes Paul would meet me and take the baby and buggy and go study while I went back to the library. Then at five I'd rush home, make dinner and some more formula, wash bottles and diapers and be off again because from six to eleven I worked as a receptionist at a dance studio. I'd get home around eleven-fifteen and start studying. Usually about an hour per course. I'd get to bed around four and then be up at six again to start the whole thing all over.

Hollywood and Hell

"Then in June, when the semester was over, the doctor told me if I kept on going at the pace I'd set for myself I would have a nervous breakdown. He told me I had to have a complete change. Just get away. So I went to California and enrolled at UCLA for a summer session. I moved into the women's dorm on campus. It was the loneliest three months of my life—away from my family, my husband, my baby.

"So while I was going to summer school I enrolled in the *Miss Southern California* contest. I was selected as one of the ten finalists. I was excited and wrote to Paul and asked him to send me my favorite bathing suit, which really looked good on me. He refused to send it.

"'You're not eligible for *Miss* anything —you're a MRS!' he wrote.

Arthur Franz was talking about "the good old days" with TV director James Sheldon, while shooting a Schlitz Playhouse script: "Remember when we worked together as page boys, at NBC?" Sheldon recalled some of their old girl friends, adding, "And I wonder whatever happened to Adele Longmire?" Franz answered, "I married her."

Paul Denis

"But since I was one of the ten finalists they offered me a screen test anyway. It had to be taken immediately. I didn't take it. I wanted to get home. Maybe I knew in my heart I could always come back and take a screen test later on.

"Paul and I rented an apartment for forty dollars a month. It was falling apart —but we lived in it!

"I was so happy to be with my baby and my husband, but right then and there I told Paul that I hadn't changed my mind about wanting to be a star. He knew all about my dreams. We'd talked about this before we married, and now I had to tell him that I still felt the same way. That I hadn't taken the screen test *this* time, but that someday I would. I wanted to be a star.

"He said *no*. I was a married woman, he said, with a child. He kept talking and telling me that Hollywood was an evil place. My husband Paul sincerely felt that Hollywood and Hell were one and the same.

"Like one night when we were sitting on the front porch with a neighbor, a Mrs. Crabbe. We'd been discussing a movie that was playing at the local theater. All of a sudden I heard myself saying, 'Someday my name will be up on that marquee.' And I remember Paul said, 'Not if you're married to me!' And Mrs. Crabbe said kindly, 'Now children, don't worry. It will all work out.'

"And you know something? It did—

ny name *has* been on that movie marquee.

"Soon after that last conversation they ad about Hollywood, Paul found out e had to go into the service. So ve made a bargain, Paul and I. If I ollowed him to camp and was nothing ut a housewife for the two years he had o be in the service, then when he got ut he would take me to Hollywood. I ould have six months to try and see if could get a break in pictures.

"I stuck to my part of the bargain. I as nineteen then and I figured in two ears I'd only be twenty-one, and that as still pretty young. I would have lenty of time to be discovered!

rowing apart

"And down we went to the army post o live.

"I wanted so to fit in, to be like the other ives. Yet from the first I guess the rest f the wives thought I was pretty odd. Maybe because I didn't think of hiding hings so I'd seem like every one else. Ve'd start talking and before you know it d be telling them about how when Paul ot out of the Army I was going to Holly-ood to be a movie star. I talked about it o much even the baby kept saying, 'We're oing to Taliforna!' I guess to themselves hey said *who does she think she is!*

"While I was in Augusta I entered an-ther beauty contest and became *Miss hoto Flash of 1952*. Paul didn't like it, ut since it hadn't interfered with my part f the bargain, he let me do it. I won!

"Then Paul was shipped overseas. I ent back to Texas and enrolled at MU. This time, since I was going to a Methodist college, my grandparents gave e some money for fees and things. What lse I needed I earned by selling photo lbums from door to door. At SMU I sed to take Jayne Marie to class with me fter she finished nursery school each ay. I'd sit in class and take notes with ne hand and hold my daughter's hand nder the desk with the other.

"Then, early in 1954, Paul got out of he service and we went to Hollywood. I ot a $5,000 inheritance from my grand-ather and we used $4.000 of it as a own payment on a home, the same ome Jayne Marie and I live in now. The est of the money went to pay up some ills. It was wonderful for a while. Jayne Marie had her own little room. I was appy because we were finally *settled*, and in a neighborhood where she had a lot of little friends to play with. Our life seemed more normal than ever before and I started making the rounds of the studios.

"But Paul and I were growing apart . . ."

Finally they separated.

"Then I went on that press junket to Florida. The publicity started and I wound up by January of 1955 with a contract at WARNER BROTHERS two months to the day after we'd first come to Hollywood!

"At first Jayne Marie used to ask where her daddy was and I would tell her that he had a job in another town.

"I had to do things this way. Paul wanted me to forget my dreams and I couldn't. I believe a child, a grown-up, an old person—everyone should be working toward something he wants, some goal, every minute. Every *second* of life is so precious, it should be used!

"Then the opportunity to do *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* came and I grabbed it. Starring in a Broadway play! My dream was really coming true!

"In New York, life was pretty much the same for my baby and me. I was with Jayne Marie during the day, before and after school. Even on matinee days I didn't have to be at the theatre until two, so we had some of the morning together. But Sunday was special—our day. We used to practically live in Central Park, the baby loved it so. Every Sunday we'd put all the animals on their leashes, even the rabbit, and we'd all go to the park.

What more could I ask for?

"But there were some evenings when I had to go to the theatre early, and then I wouldn't get a chance to tuck Jayne Marie in bed. So just before the curtain went up, I'd call home and talk to Jayne Marie and sing her our special lullabies over the phone.

"What more can I say except that the public sees one side of me, my daughter another?

"I've wanted to be a star for eighteen years. I work hard to be one. I'm twenty-four. I've been married, divorced. I have a child. I'm in love with Mickey Hargitay—a wonderful person who truly and genuinely loves me. I've got my work and Jayne Marie. What more could I possibly ask for?" **END**

Watch for Jayne soon in 20th Century-Fox's KISS THEM FOR ME.

ow debbie and eddie helped cindy

(*Continued from page 50*) a big doll and television set—so she could watch the how on which Eddie dedicated *Cindy* to er.

And they didn't let it go at that. On indy's sixth birthday, in the hospital, ame surprises. First there was a tele-ram HAPPY BIRTHDAY AND A BIG HUG—ROM DEBBIE AND EDDIE. Then arrived the uge yellow Mama bunny, with four little unnies—which Debbie had made herself.

Doctors have marveled at the fighting pirit that helped Cindy hold on to life. he burns were so painful that whenever er dressings were changed she had to be naesthetized. She has already had six kin grafts to her face, arms, head and eck—plus fifteen pints of blood and plas-na. Her lung collapsed and an emergency peration was performed. She was fed ntravenously, and she breathed through n opening doctors made in her throat. hat's only part of what happened to indy Acker—and what lies ahead.

But Cindy will never forget her sixth irthday—a joyous one because of Eddie isher and his Mrs. And it's very possible that it was a song that helped her keep on living. Because when she listens to *Cindy, Oh Cindy*, the real-life Cindy knows that Eddie is singing just to her.

That's when she summons a grin under the bandages and whispers, "He's my boy friend." She has the delightful memory of the long telephone chat with Eddie and the wire from Eddie and Debbie that lies by her bedside; and around her are the doll, the bunny, the picture that says, *To Cindy—you are my real one* and the cream colored portable television set.

As for Eddie, he managed what many celebrities have found it hard to do. This is one event in his life that didn't make the gossip columns. It was kept so quiet, in fact, that the columnists didn't even latch on to the story.

And, incidentally, anyone who wants to join Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds and encourage a brave little girl can do so just by sending a message to "Cindy" at Oak Knoll Hospital, Oakland, California. **END**

Debbie's currently in U-I's TAMMY AND THE BACHELOR.

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Bride's Editor
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Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

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(state relationship)
Age of person for whom gift is intended.....
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Please state where wedding reception will be held (home, hotel, etc.).....
.....for how many people.....
Will bride have her own home immediately.....
Will it be one-family house.....two-family house.....apartment.....other.....
If not, with whom will bride and groom live.....
Number of showers you have attended in past year (either for you or any of your friends or relatives).....
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City..... Zone..... State.....

mommy, Who is God?

(Continued from page 37) *"Hurry back." I always make sure to get home before Timmy and Maureen's bedtime. When I come through the door, their first words are, "Hello, Mommy!" Then they run up to me and give big hugs. And I must admit, no matter how tired I am, just one look and one hug from the little ones and I'm not tired any more!*

"Mommy, can I make pictures like in the pretty book?"

I am convinced we have a young Van Gogh in the family! Last week, armed with a new crayon set, our son tried to copy everything in his picture book. Unfortunately, he used the walls to draw on, even though we told him to use only the drawing pad. Jim and I believe in discipline by correction. Timmy is able to understand that if he does something wrong, he will be corrected. We 'punish' him by taking away one of his favorite toys for a while or sending him to his room. We took the crayons from him. Later I went to him and asked if he'd be a good boy and obey me. "Yes," he promised—and the incident was forgotten. A few days later so were the crayons. He's now going through his sculpturing stage. Yesterday he proudly showed me a rose he made from his clay—a new kind of clay which leaves no marks, not even on walls!

"Mommy, how does daddy make the light go boom?"

Everything is a new discovery for Timmy. He delights in getting into Daddy's photographic equipment—taking a tripod apart, or unscrewing the flash-bulbs. The bulbs particularly confuse and fascinate him—because try as he may, he can't get them to light up. "They look so pretty when they go boom for daddy. Can I make them go boom, too?"

"Mommy, who made the ducks, squirrels and birds?"

The most important thing Timmy has discovered is the world of animals. He has always loved the wooden ducks we have hanging from the ceiling of his room—and when we take him down to Toluca Lake to see the real thing, he goes out of his mind with joy. Timmy and the ducks have become real pals. They can be down at the other end of the lake, but when Timmy calls "quack quack," they'll swim as fast as they can to him! At home, he'll be content to sit in the yard watching the birds fly about or feeding the stray squirrel who has become a most frequent visitor. Recently he asked, "Mommy, who made the ducks and the squirrels and the birds?" "God made them," I answered. Then he lifted his little head and solemnly said, "God IS everywhere . . ."

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natalie wood's guardian angel

(*Continued from page 44*) won't let daddy die. . ." And then Natalie drew upon the strength of her greatest faith—a faith that began when she was only nine. . .

She remembered her mother had given her a picture of two little children crossing a broken bridge, and in the background of the picture a guardian angel was watching over them. Her Mother had smiled and said that someone was watching over her just the way the children in the picture were being watched. Natalie had loved looking at that picture, knowing that the guardian angel would get those children safely across the bridge. And through the years that picture never lost its meaning. It still has a treasured place on Natalie's bedroom wall.

Now, as she prayed for her Father, she recalled how her guardian angel had been by her side, watching over her, just two years ago when she was sixteen. Natalie was driving her own car—the first she'd ever owned—and loving every minute of the feeling of freedom the car gave her, the feeling of freedom she felt knowing she could just get into it and take off whenever she felt like it.

But this time she was hurrying home from visiting a friend she hadn't seen for years, a friend who was treated like a child.

"Now you may go into the next room," her friend's mother would say. "Now you may chat. Now you may listen to records."

Shockers for teenagers: It's a throwback to silent picture-making. For their love scenes in *Jailhouse Rock*, Elvis Presley and Judy Tyler listen to "mood music" played on the accordion. And it's not rock 'n' roll. The tune I heard was "Love in Bloom."

Sidney Skolsky in the N. Y. Post

You may do this. You may not do that. Natalie had to suppress an impulse to scream at the girl's mother, *Why don't you leave her alone? She's no prisoner! She's a human being.*

In desperation, Natalie suggested to the girl that they go to a movie.

"I'm sorry," her mother vetoed the idea tartly. "Jane may not go to a movie." No reason. Just—no movie.

"I love you both so much"

Natalie kept thinking of the senseless discipline her friend had to live through—and she realized as she never had realized before how lucky she was by contrast.

Like most high school girls, Natalie had been going through the usual teenage stage of self-pity and delusions of restriction. She was so sure her parents didn't understand her . . . and how often she'd say to them, "Oh, you're so old-fashioned!"

This was the thought uppermost in her mind as she gunned her car across the twisting uphill turns.

Sometimes, she thought to herself, as her car raced through the tunnel at the crest of the pass, *you go along loving your parents and appreciating them, and you never let them know it. It's very important to let them know it.*

So important at that moment that she couldn't wait. She pressed her foot harder and harder on the gas.

A narrow escape from death

Suddenly, about a half mile before Sepulveda intersected with Ventura Boulevard, a sharp curve loomed up at Natalie and she realized too late that she had been driving too fast. She jammed on her brakes. Too hard, too fast—and they locked. Her car was out of control! It spun round and round and round like a crazy top.

I'm going to die, she told herself, *and I won't have a chance to tell them how much I love them!*

The steering wheel kept spinning around as the car lurched ahead. Natalie was thrown from side to side. Then, suddenly, for no reason that she knew, Natalie threw herself on the floorboard.

There was a terrific jolt as the car bounced off a guard fence along the side of the road, and then crashed against a giant tree.

Natalie sat up slowly, amazed she was conscious, with no bones broken, with not even a scratch.

As she staggered to the shoulder of the road, she found herself, through her numbness, thinking of the picture of the guardian angel watching over the two children crossing the bridge. A faint, dazed smile found its way to her trembling lips.

Not only was her survival a miracle, she thought—it was a jackpot of miracles.

To begin with, a two-by-four plank from the fence had shot through the door, cutting clear across the seat. If she had not thrown herself to the floorboard it most certainly would have killed her!

When she clambered out of the car, and looked over the side of the road, her face turned ashen. She saw a sheer drop of two hundred feet down which her car would have plunged—again bringing certain death—if it had not crashed into the tree!

If there had been so much as one car on the normally heavily trafficked Sepulveda Boulevard, a head-on crash and almost certain death would have been unavoidable!

If there had been a car directly behind her when she slammed on the brakes, a fatal crash would have been inevitable!

Tears streaming down her face

Natalie looked at the 1949 Olds. It was pleated like an accordion! Not even one wheel was still on!

Again, she had the strange sensation that she was being watched over. How else would she have come out of *that?*

She walked over to the nearest telephone booth, and called her mother.

"Mom," she said, "now don't get excited. I just had a little accident on Sepulveda a few blocks above Ventura. Could you come and get me?"

"Are you all right?"

"Of course, Mother," Natalie answered, not even realizing that the tears were streaming uncontrollably down her face.

"Thank You dear God"

That evening, Natalie told her folks the full story—about how her visit to her friend had made her realize how wonderful her own parents were, about how she couldn't wait to get home to tell them how much she loved them.

Finally her father said with an affectionate smile, "Well, Natalie, do you think you've learned your lesson about driving too fast?"

Natalie nodded vigorously.

"Oh yes, Daddy. You don't have to worry about *that.* I'll never drive like that again! I just feel terrible that the car has been completely wrecked."

Natalie was sure it would be years, if ever, before she would be permitted to have another car.

"All right," her father said, "we'll go out and buy you another car tomorrow."

"You'd—let me have another car?" she asked him, not believing it was possible.

"Why not? I'd say you'd be an even



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better driver now than you were with the other car," he smiled.

At night, as she lay in bed, the accident unfolded again in Natalie's mind. As she thought of what could have happened, as she thought of the impulse to throw herself on the floorboard, as she remembered how easily she could have been killed or crippled, she whispered, "Thank You, dear God, for letting me learn my lesson without being hurt.

"And thank You for giving me the chance to know how wonderful Mother and Dad are."

Then, as she lay there, suddenly she wondered if God had saved her because, in the greatness of His mercy, He had known that she faced death and that the only thought in her heart was that now Mother and Dad would never know how very much she loved them, how grateful she was for *their* love—and He had taken pity on her.

Celeste Holm, who dated an Italian consul, now has another foreign diplomat in tow. She says, "It's a great way to learn a language."

Earl Wilson in the N.Y. Post

"Please don't let my daddy die"

Now—as Natalie's Dad, who had been so understanding and had put such faith in her when she had smashed the car—lay at the point of death from a heart attack, she walked slowly up the stairs to her room. She knelt beside her bed to pray. She looked up and saw the picture of the two children crossing the bridge and then she lowered her eyes and prayed. "Please, God, let me have my Daddy. Don't let him die, dear God. Don't let him die." And then she paused. The prayer was all wrong—somehow it was all wrong. She was asking God for something. Always, it seemed to her, she was asking God for something. When she was a little girl, it had been, *Please God, let me have a new bike.* Or—*I want new skates, God. Please give me skates.* And now she was asking God to spare her Dad—asking Him who had already given her so much—to give her something more. God had been merciful to her—but now she was presuming on that mercy. She buried her head in her hands. "Forgive me, God," she murmured. "I want my Dad," she whispered, "but only if it's *Your* will. Only if *You* want to save him."

Her father's life hung in the balance for a number of days. And then came the day when the doctor smiled and said to Natalie and her Mother, "He's going to get well. The crisis has passed."

Natalie hugged her Mother tightly. "Oh, Mom," she said. "Oh, Mom." And that was all that she could say, because then both of them were crying—crying and laughing at the same time.

Natalie was too happy. If she couldn't share her happiness with someone she knew she would burst.

The strength of His protection

That night, she called her friend—her very best friend, Nick Adams—and they went for a drive in her Thunderbird. She told him all about her Dad, told him that she could breathe again because now she knew that he was going to live.

"You know, Nicky, I never realized just how lucky I really am," she said. "Look at this car I'm driving. Look at all the places we can go—all the finest places. And we meet such talented, interesting people. Look at the home I live in."

Natalie breathed deeply. She pulled up to the curb and stopped the car.

"Let's shut our eyes for a few seconds and keep them closed," she suggested.

They did—and felt a great peace.

Natalie opened her eyes and looked around her. "Just suppose, Nicky," she said, "just suppose we could never see any of this again—never see these trees, or these canyons, or the snow on the mountains. "Suppose"—Natalie's voice was no more than a whisper, "suppose we would never again see someone we loved—someone like our own—Fathers."

And here Natalie lowered her head. She had not forgotten that other Father, the one up above Who had given her what she most wanted in all the world—her Dad's life. She murmured a silent prayer of thanksgiving to Him. She felt again the strength of His protection and knew *how well* she was guarded and watched over. *And thank You, God,* she said silently, *thank You for my guardian angel.* EN

Natalie can soon be seen in Warner Bros. NO SLEEP TILL DAWN *and* MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR.

how I got over my summer romance

(*Continued from page 53*) steps when she stopped suddenly, turned and ran back to where Bunny was sitting. "If you talk to him," she said, "don't make it *too* obvious!"

Bunny gave Carroll a *what's-come-over-*YOU? look and a few minutes later she was in the back of the auditorium, introducing herself to Johnny.

"I'm Carroll's best friend," she said, pointing to the pretty young girl on stage.

"Oh?" Johnny said. His face reddened a little, and Bunny could see immediately that he wasn't the sophisticated type—not at all.

"She's a wonderful dancer, isn't she?" Bunny said.

"She's very good," said Johnny.

Abruptly, Bunny changed the subject. "Are you going to the prom?"

Johnny's face got even redder now. He nodded.

"Who are you taking?" Bunny asked, very direct.

"I don't . . . I don't know yet," Johnny said.

Bunny smiled, "Why don't you take Carroll?"

"I . . . I thought she'd probably have a . . . I mean, I . . ."

"Take my word for it," Bunny said, helping him out, "she doesn't have a date."

"And then what did *he* say?" Carroll asked excitedly over a root beer later as Bunny told her what had happened in back of the auditorium.

"He didn't know what to say," Bunny said, giggling, "so I told him to relax, that somehow the two of you would get together tomorrow sometime and figure it all out."

Tomorrow never seemed to come for Carroll. She spent the night at Bunny's just so she could be in town and that much closer to the school—and Johnny, and she tossed and turned all night and slept a grand total of three hours, tops.

Frozen to the spot

"It was terrible," Carroll recalls, "but somehow Johnny and I couldn't seem to get together that morning. I'd had a crush on him for quite a while by this time and I knew all the places he'd be at certain times of the day—walking down this hall

way at ten o'clock, going up this staircase at eleven. But for some reason he wasn't at any of the usual places that day and I thought to myself, *He's changed his mind and doesn't want to see me* and I knew my heart was going to break.

"And then, it was just a few minutes before noon and lunch hour, and all of a sudden, there we were, standing facing each other, both sort of frozen in the same spot. 'Do you want to go to the senior prom with me?' he asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'Swell,' Johnny said. Then he said, 'See you later.' and we both ran off in different directions."

That afternoon, Carroll ran home and began to work on her gown. She went up to the attic, rummaged through a trunkful of clothing her mom had left behind—her mother lived in Florida—picked out a long dress she decided she could fix up and got to work.

"It was no trouble at all for me to make a party dress out of a hand-me-down," Carroll says, thinking back. "I'd had plenty of practice. We were pretty poor."

She'd been working on the dress for a couple of hours when her father came in from the fields. She kissed him, told him about her invitation to the prom—leaving out a few of the details, and then made his supper.

The least I can do"

"And aren't you going to eat anything?"

Screen star Richard Conte once asked a producer the meaning of a *lebedige tug*, whose literal translation is "a lively day." The producer said the phrase was idiomatic and offered an illustration: "Suppose you're sitting beside your swimming pool and the head of the biggest studio visited you to offer the best roles of the year. And suppose your butler tells the studio head that the White House is phoning him and he replies, 'Tell the President I'm sorry I can't talk to him now; I'm busy with Richard Conte.'

"In such a case," the producer told the star, "you would be fully justified in saying 'It's a *lebedige tug*'—a lively day."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

Mr. Baker asked his daughter when they were seated at the table. He looked over at Carroll's place and at the tiny hamburger and half glass of milk there.

"I'm reducing," Carroll said.

"You're fat, I suppose?" asked her dad.

"I weigh 125 pounds, Poppa," Carroll said, as if she suddenly couldn't stand the thought of it, "and if Johnny was nice enough to ask me to the prom, the least I can do is lose ten pounds for him."

Carroll took another small bite of hamburger. She was surprised to see that it was practically all gone already. "Just for two weeks," she said. She washed down her words with a sip of milk.

"Carroll," her dad said, changing the subject. "I was thinking today while I was out there working . . . I was thinking of you and of what you're going to do now that you're finishing high school."

Carroll was still smiling and her mind was still on the prom. "I'm going to be a dancer," she said, vaguely.

"Carroll," her father said. He was a good, very patient man and he was rarely stern. But there was a touch of sternness in his voice now. "Carroll, a lot of money has been spent on your dancing lessons. You were my little girl, and you wanted to take dancing lessons and I let you take them. But you're growing up now, Carroll, and you should understand that Greensburg is a small town and girls from small towns don't become dancers. They become . . . well, they get a job in a store or they become secretaries. A secretary. Now there's a nice profession for you."

Carroll nodded. Her mind was still far away. "We'll see, Poppa," she said.

She almost cried

Her dress turned out to be very beautiful. And so did the night of the prom.

Johnny—who, as it turned out, was quite shy and hadn't spoken to Carroll once since asking her for the date back at school that afternoon—showed up at the Baker house promptly at seven o'clock. He shook hands with Mr. Baker and then both men sat in the living room to wait for Carroll.

Carroll, of course, had been ready at six o'clock. But she and Bunny had talked it over that day and they'd decided that it was always a good idea when you were going out formal and important to let your date wait for five minutes so the suspense of your entrance and what you were going to look like would really get him.

At the last minute. Carroll decided to make it a ten-minute wait. The suspense nearly killed Johnny. As a matter of fact, he was on his third coke. Mr. Baker, sympathetically aware of what the perspiring boy was going through, had started feeding him cokes as soon as he realized what was going on. Then Carroll walked into the room.

"Hi," she called out, looking first at her dad and then at Johnny.

Her entrance was everything she could have wished for.

Johnny gulped. "You've lost weight."

"Ten pounds," Carroll said, smiling, so happy that he'd noticed.

"You look . . . beautiful," Johnny said, handing her a corsage box.

"Thank you," Carroll said as she ripped the ribbon off the box and opened it. "An orchid! My *first* orchid!" She rushed over to where Johnny was standing and grabbed and hugged him and, if it wasn't that she and Bunny had decided that afternoon to live dangerously and wear a little mascara that night, she would have broken down and cried. . . .

The crushing news

That summer, the summer of 1949, was the most wonderful Carroll had ever spent. At one point during the prom, "After our sixth straight dance," Carroll thinks it was—she and Johnny decided to go steady. And they were together practically every day for the next two months—swimming, picnicking, going to the movies, lingering over sundaes and sodas at the local ice cream parlor. They took long drives in Johnny's dad's new convertible, and generally got used to the idea of liking somebody particular a lot, a real lot.

It's so terrific, Carroll wrote to her mother in Florida one day, *to know a boy like Johnny and have so much fun with him. There was a time a couple of years back, Mom, when I didn't want to grow any older. But now I'm sixteen and I know what they mean when they say sweet sixteen. Because it* IS *sweet, sweeter than I ever dreamed it would be.*

Carroll wasn't at all prepared for the crushing news when it came that night, early in September.

They were sitting in the ice cream parlor. They'd just come from a movie, a funny one, and Carroll was still laughing over one of the scenes when she noticed that Johnny was looking so glum.

Johnny finally turned his head. "I've been accepted," he said, "in college. It's far away," he added simply. "In Ohio."

The smile on Carroll's face faded. "And you've got to go away?" she asked, slowly.

"Next week."

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by *Mary Ann Blum, R.N.*

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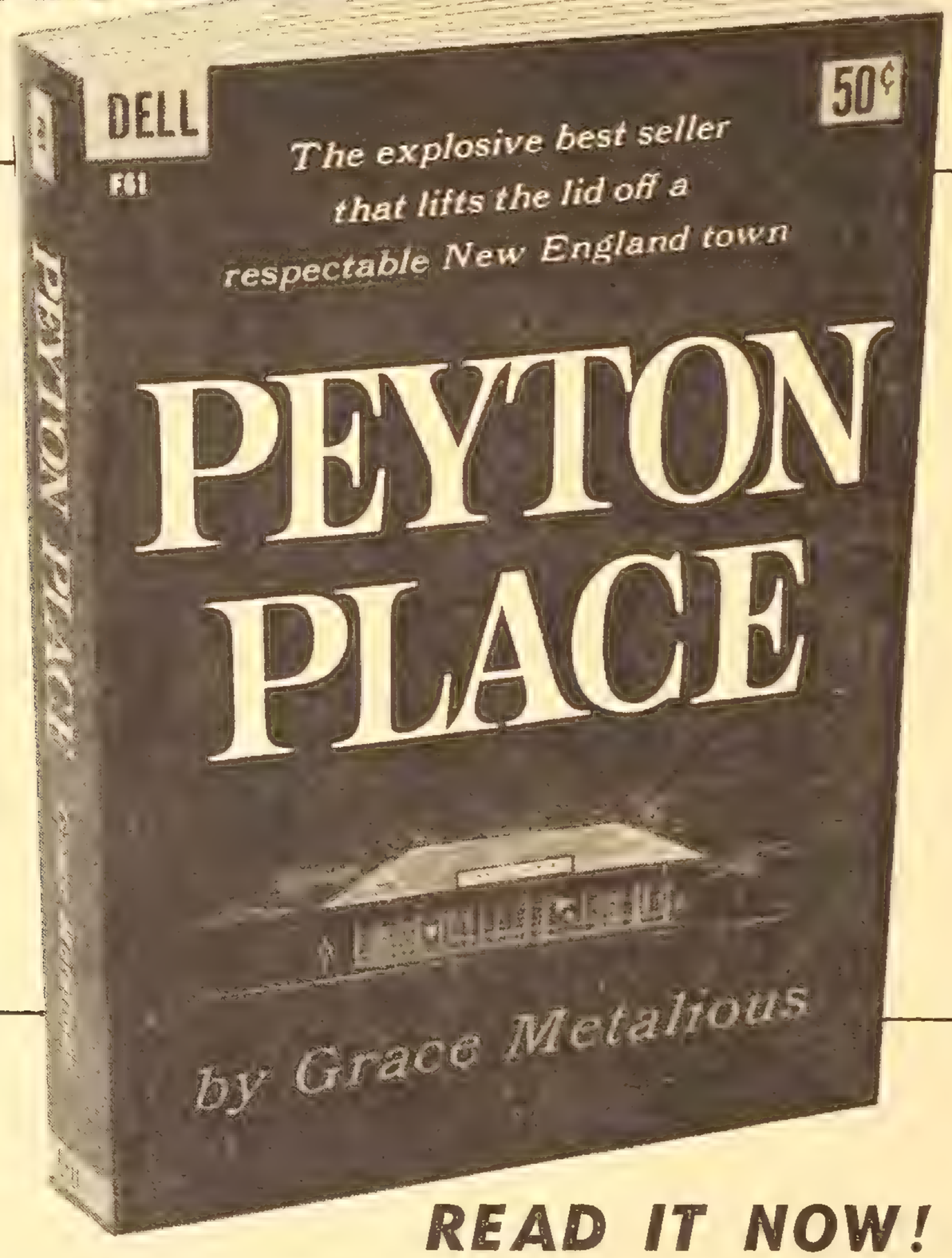
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"Well," Carroll said, gulping, and tryi to smile again, "even though we didn get the composition prizes at graduatio we still know how to write and we ca . . ." But it was no use trying to mak a joke of it. It didn't make the hurt in h heart or the heavy feeling in her thro go away.

The only thing that saved her

Johnny left for college about ten da later. And the only thing that kept Ca roll from feeling completely lost and mi erable was being so busy rehearsing f the big dance recital that was coming u

"Then the dancers from Pittsburg came," Carroll remembers. "My teach had arranged for the recital and for the professional dancers from Pittsburgh come and perform, too.

"I was good, I thought. But when I sa the troupe from Pittsburgh rehearse th first day, I knew how far behind I reall was. I thought I'd made so much progre till I watched them. They were so fan tastic and they did huge turns and jump and I knew that my little dance was go ing to look pretty silly next to theirs.

"Those next few days before the recita I did nothing but practice. The nigh of the recital I went and did the best could. As soon as I finished, I got out my costume and went into the auditorium

" 'Poppa,' I asked, sitting down next him, 'Poppa, was I good?'

"He turned to me, 'Carroll,' he sai 'you were terrible. Now, once and for al I want you to give up this nonsense an start thinking about becoming a secretary

"I cried all that night. I guess my fathe hadn't meant to hurt me; he was onl saying what had been on his mind for long time. When you're a kid from small town, he meant, you can't expe somebody to come and see you dance an say, 'We want *you!*'

Saying goodbye

"But it hurt and I cried and cried. An then I got that letter from my mothe asking me to come to Florida. I wrot back and said that I would. I'd have don anything to get away from Greensbur and that summer and everything about i First Johnny. Then the recital . . ."

Carroll's dad understood when she tol him she was leaving, that she *had* to leav And that afternoon a few days later at th railroad station, he surprised her with big bunch of store-bought flowers and long talk on how happy he always wante her to be "no matter what you decide the career for you."

She got on the train. And finally, slowl the train began to pull away.

"G'bye," Bunny called out.

"G'bye," Carroll answered.

Mr. Baker smiled and waved.

Carroll smiled and waved back.

Then Carroll made believe for a mome that a boy, a tall curly-haired boy name Johnny, was standing there on the plat form. And she waved at him, too.

It was sad that through her tears Carro couldn't see the future—the meeting sh would have with Johnny in a year and half when they would both realize tha while they still liked one another ver much there was really nothing betwee them anymore . . . the meeting she woul have a few years after that with a fello named Jack, a fellow she would fa desperately in love with, a fellow wh would marry her and be the father of th little daughter she would one day have.

But this was 1949—and, for now, as tha train pulled out of the Greensburg statio it was sad to say goodbye to sweet, bitte sweet, sixteen. . . . EN

Carroll will soon be seen in UA's The Big Country.

nories of a great lover

tinued from page 38) down cooling

still stands as straight as an Indian can make a muscle on any part of his e. He tips 200 on the scale—only ty-five more than twenty years ago—his middle doesn't bulge.

t Clark has mellowed. "He's seen it done it and had it in spades," one friend it, "and he likes the let-up." Clark elf says, "I've reached the age of when I figure a man should relax and y himself." And that's the clue.

w Gable used to enjoy himself—and so long ago either—could hardly be d relaxing. He was tuned up for ac—all the time—like the engines of sport cars, which he used to buy, hop nd then turn in for a faster one before could get his license plates. That's n he wasn't plowing his ranch and ig the tractor himself, or stalking tain lions, or churning Mexican waters black marlin. In the old days, he'd ddle a motorcycle and roar off on s-country races at 100 miles per hour, p a horse over the hills, or zoom off plane. Most nights the pace continued ollywood night spots or society spots and abroad. That was Clark's style—strenuous, full life.

t today, the car he drives is a conative black limousine, not a hot-rod

"I call my wife Schultz," says Ernie Kovacs, "and she calls me Schultz, and we both call our dog Schultz.

"We got into the jargon of cutting all names and words short. We say 'swee' for 'sweet,' for example.

"So, when Edith was in Houston, Texas, appearing in a show, and we were about to marry, she went to a local jeweler and had him inscribe in a ring the words, 'Swee forever.' The jeweler insisted she was misspelling the word . . . and I'm sure, to this day, he just thinks she's nutty."

Pari Davis

ll. He doesn't own a motorcycle anye, or for that matter a horse since old ny died. The only stock on his Encino e are two burros—Baba, which Grace y gave him after *Mogambo*, and one ought for his stepchildren.

s for adventure—well, the last deer ad in his gunsights got away when he ened up and refused to shoot. The marlin he hooked, he let go.

ight life the King dismisses these days a bore," and "out with the boys" means n rummy or poker session.

lt for Clark

ow, none of this means that Clark is old gaffer set for a rest home, a el chair and a pipe-and-slipper rou-. Clark is simply trading one kind life for another, a life that's richer more satisfying. And like we said, tarted one morning when Clark said his fourth wife, Sylvia Ashley, that r marriage was a mistake. A year and alf after their marriage, their divorce granted.

nyone could argue that Clark's brief n with Sylvia Ashley should never e happened. Yet, maybe the jolt was essary to prove to Clark Gable that t he thought he wanted, he'd outn. He didn't like living with the rnational Set, with Cafe Society, and been living that life for eight years, eight years following the tragic plane-crash death on a snowy Nevada mountainside in 1942 of Carole Lombard, the wife he had loved so very much, the woman who was as much a part of him as any woman had ever been. But for eight years he mourned, and then he didn't want to be alone any more. So Clark and Sylvia eloped right before Christmas, 1949.

Their Hawaiian honeymoon with all the lush trimmings was right up Sylvia's alley. It was when this orchid was transplanted to Clark's San Fernando Valley hilltop that the petals began to curl.

There was nothing elegant about Clark Gable's twenty-acre Encino spread. The only feminine touches were left over from Carole Lombard's years there—some deep chairs, a few antiques, Staffordshire china, pewter and copper knick-knacks that he hadn't moved an inch.

A wife geared to his speed

Sylvia started changing all that. In a way you couldn't blame her. Like every one else, she knew the story of that near-perfect love. And reminders were all around her. White pigeons fluttered around the roof, descendants of the two doves of peace Carole had sent Clark after their first fight. In the garage the station wagon that had carried them on gay expeditions still sat, polished and neat. Red roses, planted by Carole, rambled along the white fence in front. A huge table in the living room still bore the deliberate 'antiquing' scars of Clark and Carole's cigarettes.

"Her ghost was everywhere," Sylvia said to friends later.

So Sylvia installed her English maid and tried to replace Clark's loyal handy man—Clark's friend—with a British butler, and ordered a guest house built—though Clark doesn't like house guests.

Then Mrs. Gable looked over Clark's poker-playing friends and decided they were just too crude, and Hollywood life was dull, and the ranch a bore. The lone fishing expedition Clark got her to go on ended with Sylvia sitting on the bank stream with her lap dog and making cute—but let's face it—cutting remarks as he cast for trout. The upshot of it all was that Clark Gable learned the hard way that he didn't want a doll to pamper. He wanted a wife geared to his speed.

Kay's stormy marriages

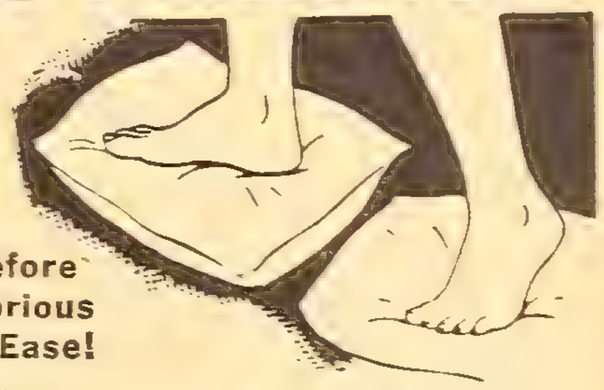
He finally found her—he found her in Kay. Clark didn't marry Kay Williams Spreckles impulsively. His was the proposal of a man who had had his last fling and wanted the woman he loved to be—not a fluttering butterfly, but a homemaker, and a companion. That's what Kay Gable is for the King.

Clark met Kay around twelve years ago. He was just back from the war then, and picking up the pieces of his life. So was Kay. She had already been married twice, but neither spelled happiness for her. In less than a year—both times—the marriage was over. Kay had been a New York model and was then in Hollywood trying to be an actress. Clark liked her warm friendliness and good looks. He took her out a few times. But he also took out a lot of other girls—he simply didn't want marriage then. Kay, only too plainly, did. Clark cooled off. Not long after, Kay—who never made the grade as an actress—married the playboy sugar heir, Adolph Spreckles. They had two children during a stormy union. Kay divorced him in 1953.

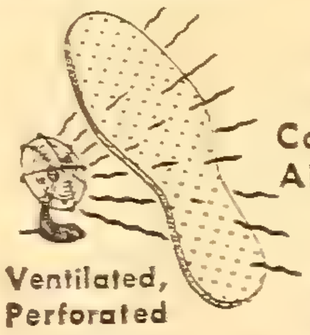
Halfway through Kay's unhappy marriage, Clark married Sylvia. And then his marriage was over too. Clark and Kay started seeing each other again. Again, Clark saw other gals, too. But somehow he always came back to *Old Kathleen*—as he still sometimes calls her.

One July afternoon two years ago, in the rose garden of the ranch, Clark asked

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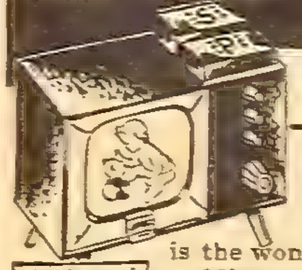
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Kay to marry him. At Minden, Nevada, where Clark and Kay had just been joined together as man and wife, Clark looked at his bride—and tried to think of something to please her.

No ghost for Kay

He took her in his arms, kissed the top of her head and whispered, "Where shall we go now? Europe? South America? Africa? Where would you like to go for your honeymoon?"

"I want to go home to the ranch," said Kay, and that's where they went. A quiet kind of peace, of happiness settled in Clark's heart. He had come home—and brought the right woman with him.

As mistress of Clark Gable's ranch at Encino, Kay Gable has suffered no unhappiness about any ghost. Carole Lombard's pigeons, her antiques, china, horse prints, copper and pewter are things she likes to show off and talk about. Carole's roses deck the cigarette-scarred table. "Aren't they lovely?" Kay will say to visitors. "They're from rose bushes that Carole planted herself!"

No ghost haunts Kay because she realizes that a man who has had four wives before her has had four lives—before his life with Kay. She is no rival of the golden girl who once brought happiness to the man Kay loves now—because he was a different man altogether then. The gags and escapades of Clark and Carole are only amusing to hear, not to envy. Kay wisely knows she hold's Clark's love in another way, because he is in another stage of life. And Kay knows too that she has brought him something he has never known before—a full family life.

Both of Kay's kids call him "Pa." He's teaching Bunker, his eight-year-old stepson how to handle a rod and gun and helping him train Rip, the hunting dog he bought for him. He taught Bunker and six-year-old Joan to swim.

Just the two of them

Then for a little while, life was holding more happiness for the King than he'd ever known before. Kay was pregnant. He whooped like a wild man the day she told him and swung her around the room till she begged *"Uncle."* Next day, Kay was asking, "Clark, have you seen the doctor's report? I can't seem to find it."

"Seen it?" grinned the expectant pop, "I put it in the bank vault!"

They agreed to keep the news a family secret, but a few nights later at Mervyn LeRoy's party, Clark was spilling the beans—he was that happy—hamming it up with a big cigar.

But only two months later, Clark's little 'halfback' was a dream that was not to come true. Kay lost the baby.

More things happened to add to Clark's sorrow A year ago in May, just as s was preparing to go with Clark on loc tion to St. George, Utah, for *The Ki And Four Queens,* Kay felt pains grip h chest.

Angina pectoris, said the doctor—a seve heart condition. Since then, Kay has be forced into the role of a semi-invalid.

Clark doesn't miss the social life. "Nig clubs," he still grunts, "are for people w are unhappy." And Kay is well enou for occasional dinner parties. A few clo friends, but the evenings aren't late. L New Year's Eve—well, Kay and Cla stayed at the ranch and toasted each oth with champagne, just the two of them

Just call him 'Joe Lucky'

Today Gable even enjoys being call *King,* a tag wished on him as a razz Spencer Tracy years ago. Back then, couldn't hear it without its drawing frown from him. Now he sits in the mi dle of the set with the nickname letter on his chair—and presides over the like a father at a dinner table. Now knows—no one's laughing at him—you gi nicknames to people you love. . . .

But even in this kick he isn't letti anything strain an artery. After *Teache Pet* Clark won't make another picture u til 1958. Like all star-producers he h to read scripts more often now than t sports magazines he used to fancy. "B if I don't find a good one," he states wi that lop-sided grin, "then I go fishing."

That's what he did this summer, in Canada, after a rest in Carmel wi Kay. When she gets stronger they ho to hop off for a tour of the Orient. Aft that—well, what looks good? He's in hurry. Maybe, you think, Clark Gab *should* be in a hurry. After all, in thr years he'll be sixty. But if you ask h when he expects to retire, he answers fast—"Not while they still want me han ing around!"

And, if the past is any indication, th will be for quite a spell yet! One thing certain: Clark won't slip into dodderi character jobs! What he really means "as long as they want me hanging arou as the *King.*"

And if time finally knocks the crow from his head, he won't be shedding tea for himself. Because he can look forwa to work and play, with his final love a final mate—and his young family growi up around him to keep him warm.

Clark always called himself Joe Luck In a new—and rather wonderful way—h luck still holds. . . . E

Clark is now in Warner Bros. BAND ANGELS. *Watch for him soon in Par mount's* TEACHER'S PET *and UA's* R SILENT, RUN DEEP

the long journey home

(*Continued from page 47*) behind them. Rock and his friend started singing again and kept it up—singing over and over the one song they both knew, *Silent Night*—till an Italian mechanic arrived with chains and gasoline, and pulled them free.

To get a call through even from a resort town like Cortina proved harder than Rock had expected. Several hours went by before he was connected. "Hello, Phil honey?" Rock said.

The moment Phyllis heard his voice, she broke into tears. "I'm so happy to hear from you, Rock," she said through her tears. But talking to him upset her. "It reminds me that you're far away."

So Rock called their doctor directly to get news. The doctor told Rock over the phone—Phyllis had hepatitis, he sa

"What's that?" Rock asked.

"It's a disease of the liver. She h become depressed and is indifferent everything. She seems to have lost her w to live. Two of her close friends visited h and she simply stared at the ceiling a didn't seem to hear anything they sai

When Rock put down the phone, he f fear gripping him. And what made it ev worse was that there was nothing he cou do to help her.

From an Italian doctor he learned th patients with hepatitis sometimes try take their own lives. The weeks that fo lowed became more and more difficult Rock. He felt the panic rising slowly himself and tried to beat it down. wanted to fly home but he was in ea and every scene of the film. It was i possible for him to leave.

evenings and Sundays—when he had hing to do—crawled by miserably. ek-days were better. He was kept busy ing one scene after another and had e time to think.

forgetting fear

ocation for shooting changed to Rome. en Rock first arrived in Rome, the dio gave him a suite at the fashionable nd Hotel. But the noise and commo- of tourists coming and going all day g upset Rock. His jangled nerves ldn't take it and he located a quiet ce on Via San Teodore. He took meals at a small restaurant nearby. He n got used to having cats stray past while he ate—sometimes they looked dejected as he felt.

he worry about Phyllis had made him e ten pounds. Friends who visited him Rome found him pale and tired and looking. He insisted he felt better n ever—he didn't want to complain. He n't tell them that the food just wouldn't down, that it seemed to stick in his oat. Even the things he liked most—ghetti, ravioli, chicken cacciatore—even se things no longer had any taste. He ed almost completely on fresh fruit—and ot on losing weight.

t might have been easier for Rock had been more sociable. At least he could e forgotten for a little while, his fears Phil, in the company of other people. could have even shared his fears.

But Rock was a loner. Before he had ten married he had seldom gone out had only a few close friends. Later, h Phyllis, it was she who made their ial engagements. With Phil at his side, enjoyed it more than he had ever own he could, and they went out fairly en. Seldom did they go to nightclubs. stly they visited friends or his mother. But in Italy, it was different. There was Phyllis to ask him—would he like to to a dinner party? His fellow actors re almost all Italians; they spoke little no English. Rock knew only a few rds of Italian. It was so difficult to un- stand them or to get them to understand n that soon he gave up the effort alto- her.

The Selznicks lived pretty far from him and Mercedes McCambridge, another friend of Rock's, stayed in Italy only a short time. So Rock was left by himself most of the time.

For a while he tried to keep busy sightseeing. It didn't work. Phyllis' absence made even Rome, Italy, seem flat and dull. If he could have shared with her what he saw, it would have been wonderful fun. Alone it was a drag. He did the things he normally would have enjoyed doing alone—he read books and listened to records. But he couldn't keep his mind on the records or the books. His fears about Phil would start to close in on him, to gnaw away at him. He wrote long letters to Phil and anxiously waited for calls from her doctor.

To hold him tight

Then one night it happened. The call he had prayed for came. It was the doctor. Through the static Rock heard him say, "Phil's better, Rock."

Rock didn't say anything for a minute. He was too relieved and too weak to talk.

"Rock, you hear me?" the doctor asked.

"Yes—yes," Rock managed to say. Then a big smile, the first in many long weeks, spread slowly over his face.

"Of course, she's not all better," the doctor went on, "but she's improving very fast. She was allowed out of bed a few hours a day for a while, and today we let her go home. She still has to have two nurses and she's on a very strict diet—but she's much, much better. You know"—and here the doctor gave a long pause—"I think the fact that you're coming home soon has something to do with Phil's quick recovery." His voice took on a softness. "I think she wanted to get better for *you*."

Rock was unable to speak for a moment. Then he murmured his thanks to the doctor and put down the receiver slowly.

The long weeks of gnawing fear and loneliness were over. He would not lose his Phyllis. She would be there, standing in the doorway of their home with her arms stretched out to hold him tight, when he had made *the long journey home*. END

Rock is now in MGM's SOMETHING OF VALUE. *He will soon be in 20th Century-Fox's* A FAREWELL TO ARMS, *and U-I's* PYLON.

hate hollywood parties

ontinued from page 58) lots of time on ur hands!"

Tony smiled as he continued walking. *ts of time*, he thought to himself as he ought his hand up to cover a big yawn. A hand slapped his back in the middle the yawn. "Hey, Tony," a voice bel- ved, "*here* you are. I've been looking over for you!"

Tall Tony looked down at the back-slap- r, a male secretary for one of the studio -shots.

"Tony," the male sec said, "you're going the party!" Everybody in town was king about the party being given at MANOFF's that night. Everybody in town o was anybody was either going or nted to go.

"I hate Hollywood parties," Tony said.

"Yeah . . . yeah," the male sec said. ut *this* . . ."

ou won't be sorry"

"This is going to be like all the rest of em," Tony said. "Look," he went on, a tle more gently. He realized he'd hurt e male sec's feelings after the little guy d obviously gone through so much ouble getting him the invite in the first ace. "Look," Tony said. "I haven't been Hollywood too long now. But all the e I've been here I've been working hard, real hard—and I haven't had time to go to many of these parties. But the ones I've been to . . . well, one of them was one of these beach-parties—one of these by-moonlight things. I guess it was fun. Everybody else seemed to be having a ball. But it just turned out that everybody else was about sixteen years old and their kind of fun wasn't exactly my kind of fun . . . Or that other one I went to. Sure, I was flattered to be invited—he's one of the biggest stars in the business. And I was glad when I found out there weren't going to be more than twelve people there. But when I got there, what happened? The other eleven people were about twenty years older than I am and they sat around talking about a lot of producers in the business I've never even heard of and about box-office grosses and stuff like that. . . . And the couple of other parties I went to were the mob-scene kind, like tonight's. You've been to those, haven't you? About three or four hundred people herded together like sheep in a blizzard, back to back—like mummies with radar, all talking about themselves and then lining up at the food table as if there were a depression coming tomorrow. The last one I went to was so bad I followed a waiter carrying an empty *canape* tray into the kitchen and escaped." He looked up, amused at the recollection of that scene. "Right through the kitchen door—and out!"

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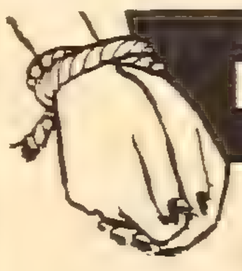
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Then he looked down at the male sec again. It hadn't worked. The poor little guy was nearly in tears.

"I just thought this being an important party . . ." the male sec started to say.

Tony had learned a long time ago not to hurt people's feelings when you could possibly help it—especially after they'd gone out of their way for you. He reached back into the man's hand. "But," he said, "if you say that this is going to be such a swell shindig . . ." He took the invitation.

And the little man beamed.

The big flop

Tony was sorry five minutes after he arrived at ROMANOFF'S. As he recalls that particular night: "The second I got in there—somehow smack in the middle of the mob—all of them talking, talking. You know, I was beginning to think all that talk is what makes the smog out here. Anyway, the second I got there some man, and I still don't know who he was because I never saw him again, tapped my shoulder and said, 'Don't go away, Perkins. I want to talk to you about a script in a couple of minutes.' Then I happened to spot a girl I'd met casually once and I started talking to her. But I hadn't said more than two sentences when another guy came rushing over to me and yelled, 'You've got to see *him* for a minute. *He* wants to see you!' I found out that *he* was a columnist who wanted to ask me a couple of silly questions and the man who'd pushed me over to him—and who'd succeeded in pushing the girl I'd been talking to into oblivion—was one of his flunkies. When the columnist was finished with me, I was alone again—among all those people, but alone . . . I knew I had to get out of the place by using my party walk. A description of my party walk? Well, you start going gingerly backward, to get out of the crowd and you keep smiling so that if a host sees you he notices that you're smiling and *not* that you're walking backward and if you keep this up long enough you finally get away. As I was lucky enough to do that night."

A man to man talk

Halfway home, he stopped at a tiny counter-restaurant for a 'snack'—soup, scallops and french fries with plenty of catsup, a grilled cheese and chicken sandwich, blueberry pie and a thick strawberry malt. Then he started on his way home again. He was practically there when, from out of nowhere it seemed, he felt a hand slap his back.

Tony squinted for a moment at the smiling face looking into his. Then he burst into a wide grin. "Jay," he cried out.

Jay was Jay Sayer, a fellow Tony had roomed with at ROLLINS COLLEGE in Florida a few years earlier.

"Jay, you old character," Tony said, shaking hands now. Then they stood talking for a few minutes. And then, Tony—forgetting all about the fact that he was tired and had to be up very early the next morning—invited Jay up to his place for a while "so we can talk, man—so we can sit and talk about some of those old times."

The last thing he wanted to do

"Tony," said Jay, point-blank, "you sound kind of lonely."

Tony shrugged. "There's not much doing and I've been working all the time . . ."

"So what's to be lonely?" Jay cut in. "Listen, I'm your friend, right? Well, anytime you feel like having dinner with anybody, just give me a ring and I'll get some of the kids over—I know one gal who makes the burndest steak you've ever seen—and we'll all get heartburn together."

Tony smiled his sheepish smile. "You mean that?" he asked.

"Sure I mean that," Jay said. Then, suddenly, he had an inspiration. "As a matter of fact," he said, "why don't we do it real soon and make it a party?"

"A party?" Tony said, his heart sinking.

"Yeah," Jay said, "We'll make it Thursday at my place. Okay?"

Tony found himself nodding. A party was the last thing he wanted to go to. But Jay was his pal and he'd already said *yes, he'd be happy to come over for dinner* and it would look foolish if he turned down the invitation to the party and he was too tired to sit and explain why he'd never yet enjoyed a party—*any* party—he'd been to since coming to Hollywood. And so he said, "Okay, Thursday night."

Something awful to happen?

Thursday night couldn't come fast enough for Tony—so he could get it all over with.

"When Tony finally got to Jay's," a very pretty young girl who was there remembers, "he walked in as though he was expecting something awful to happen to him. As we all shook hands with him he had the look of a person who was anything but glad to be where he was at that moment.

"I've got to admit it, the party did start out a little stiff. At one point, nobody would have anything to say; and at another, everybody would decide to say something at once. Tony—sitting over in a corner—seemed to be making everybody as nervous as we were making him.

"Then Jay came out into the living room. He managed to hit us at one of our quieter moments. 'Hey, what is this—a wake?' he asked. Then he looked over at Tony and smiled. 'I've got something for *you*,' he said, pointing to Tony. He dashed out of the room, and a moment later he came back in—carrying a guitar. 'You still play?' he asked Tony. Tony started to say something. But Jay turned to all of us and said, 'Tony here was the best guitar player we ever had down at college. And they had some pretty mean guitar players down there.' Then he handed the instrument to Tony. And Tony was smiling, for the first time.

"Tony fooled around with a few chords at first. Then somebody called out and asked him if he knew a certain song. Tony nodded and began to play it. He played beautifully. And then he began to sing it. I guess I've heard better voices, but there was something about the way he sang it that slowly made everybody in the room quiet. And, before we knew it, we all found ourselves moving closer to where Tony was sitting.

"Tony was very intense as he played and sang. When his eyes were open, he seemed to look down at his fingers all the time. Most of the time, though, his eyes were closed. It was hard to tell for a while whether he even remembered where he was, or if there were any other people around—or if he cared.

"Then he began to play a song I've always loved, *Black Is The Color Of My True Love's Hair*. He played and sang it so beautifully, I couldn't resist. I beg to sing, too, right along with him. never forget the way he looked at me that moment. He just looked at first, a then he began to smile and then he s naled me over with a little move of head and first thing I knew I was sitti alongside him, singing away as I've ne sung before.

"When that song was over, Tony look around the room and said, 'Why don't all do a little singing?' He began to pl *When You Were A Tulip*. 'Everybody,' called out, laughing, starting to enjoy hi self, 'come on—everybody sing!'

The lie

"And that was the beginning of one of nicest parties I've ever been to. We around and ate chili con carne and sa and hot buns and we asked Tony lots questions about himself and his work, a he asked us questions—things like what were doing to get ahead, and how we w doing it, and making suggestions if thought we weren't doing quite the ri thing. And then, after dinner, we star singing again—Tony seems to know j about every song ever written!—and a said, I don't think I've ever had a bet time in my whole life!"

And did Tony have a good time at friend's party that Thursday night!

The next morning Tony was ba working at the studio when one of front-office executives showed up on set. The exec waited for Tony to finish scene and then walked up to him.

"Saw you at ROMANOFF'S the other nig Tony," the exec said.

"You did, sir?" Tony asked.

"Nice party, wasn't it?"

"Er . . . yes, sir," Tony said, feeling little too old to cross his fingers for telli a lie—but crossing them just the same

"If you enjoy these things, Tony," exec went on, "there's going to be anot one next Wednesday. It's strictly for top people in town. I'll have my secreta include your name on the list."

Tony gulped. "Well, sir . . ." he start to say, his face getting red.

"Is something the matter?"

"No, sir . . ." Tony said. He was stu But, fortunately, not for long. ". . . exc that's the night I was planning to have little party at my place. For some frien of mine . . . Oh, it's not going to be an thing like the one you're talking abo It's going to be small and we'll probal just sit around and have hot dogs and st and I'll play the guitar a little . . ."

The exec shrugged. "Well, too bad," said. And, walking away, he added, "F maybe next time."

Tony gulped again. "Maybe," he sa

Having a ball

Then he reached into his pocket fo dime and rushed over to a pay phc against one of the sound-stage walls. dialed a number. *Not a bad idea*, thought to himself as he waited for son one to pick up the phone on the other e "That wasn't a bad idea at all."

He heard a click. "Hello, Jay?" he sa "Listen, Jay—I was wondering what y were doing next Wednesday night? W I was thinking of maybe having a lit party over at my place. And I was thin ing that maybe we could get last nigh crowd together and have some more fu

According to Tony himself, his pa that following Wednesday night came just fine. And he's been having a bet time—in fact, having a ball—in Hollyw ever since!

Look for Tony soon in Paramount's T TIN STAR, DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS, T MATCHMAKER, and COLUMBIA's THIS BIT EARTH.

The discovery of a new movie star is the dream of all producers and authors. Irwin Shaw, who wrote the screenplay for *The Sea Wall*, once was taunted by another playwright for knowing little about casting. "Irwin," said the man, "aren't you the one who turned down Marlon Brando for a bit role in your *Sons And Soldiers*?" Shaw conceded this was true: "Yes, I turned down Brando. But I gave the role to another unknown—Gregory Peck!"

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR DRAMA
The James Dean Story
No Down Payment
Man Of A Thousand Faces
The Golden Virgin
No Sleep Till Dawn

FOR SPECTACLE
The Pride And The Passion
Band Of Angels

FOR LOVE
An Affair To Remember
The Careless Years

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



hia Loren and Cary Grant, from one of the most dramatic scenes in *The Pride And The Passion.*

E PRIDE AND THE PASSION

Cary Grant
Frank Sinatra
Sophia Loren
Theodore Bikel
John Wengraf

a of a big gun

The year's 1810. Napoleon's troops are aging the Spanish army to heel and, in er to run faster, the Spaniards get rid of orty-foot-long cannon by tossing it over a . Now to Frank Sinatra, that cannon is symbol of Spanish resistance: he wants haul it up and push it halfway across Spain the captive town of Avila. Sinatra is a passionate son of the people. On the er hand there is Cary Grant, an elegant ish naval officer who arrives with orders commandeer the cannon. No go. Sinatra let him have it only if he helps storm la first. So the long, rugged, impossible rch begins. Just looking at that magnifi- cannon fills the Spanish guerrillas with ngth and new passion for freedom. Talk- of passion, there is Sophia Loren, who is shortly torn between Spain's destiny and Cary Grant's cleft chin. This is a spectacular film; the cannon steals the show, but the show is fun.—CinemaScope. UNITED ARTISTS.

THE JAMES DEAN STORY

tribute to a lost idol

■ Here is a portrait of James Dean, the boy who lived "with a great hunger." As everyone knows, he died in a head-on auto crash in 1955; but his fans wouldn't let him go. This movie explores his fascination and is very moving and tasteful. His childhood in Indiana is retold, relatives are interviewed, friends in New York and Hollywood relate what they experienced of Jimmy. Still photographs are brought to life; there is a test scene with dialogue from *East Of Eden,* and a tape-recorded conversation between Jimmy and his family. All this is an attempt to explain what drove him to become a rebel and an actor.

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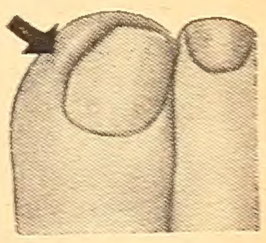
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And, poetically, it explains why he was a symbol . . . because he could reach out into the darkness and make everyone there feel less alone; because he could express the indescribable tendernss which is part of every human being.—WARNERS.

NO DOWN PAYMENT

Pat Hingle
Joanne Woodward
Cameron Mitchell
Tony Randall
Jeff Hunter

the young American way

■ Anybody who's ever bought anything on time will feel at home in *No Down Payment.* It's the story of four couples, neighbors in a ranch-style housing development in California. If it weren't for the good old installment plan, not a one of those houses would be inhabited. Keeping up with each other are 1) Used car salesman Tony Randall—*I know I've got it in me to go places,* he keeps saying after soaking himself in Martinis—and his distraught missus, Sheree North, who finally tells him where to go. 2) Refined, college grad Patricia Owens—*I know you've got it in you to go places,* she keeps telling her scientist husband—and her scientist husband, Jeff Hunter, who finally goes to Chicago when he should've stayed home. 3) Well-balanced appliance store manager Pat Hingle and his well-balanced wife Barbara Rush and their well-balanced children. 4) Gas-station manager Cameron Mitchell, a southern boy with an inferiority complex despite his dazzling war record, and his wife, Joanne Woodward —who is a veteran of other wars. All these people have to learn how to live with each other and with themselves. It isn't easy. For instance, when poor old Cameron Mitchell is refused the job of chief of police because he lacks a college education, he gets drunk and rapes college grad Patricia Owens while husband is in Chicago selling automation. This is certainly a fast-moving, well-acted film with a fresh kind of story. If anything, it's too explosive.—20TH-FOX.

BAND OF ANGELS

Clark Gable
Yvonne De Carlo
Sidney Poitier
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
Patric Knowles

who freed the slaves

■ Who said the Old South is dead? Here it is with more Uncle Toms than you can shake a stick at. Oh, life on the old plantation was divine for little Yvonne De Carlo because her daddy never beat the slaves: he was kind. But one day daddy dies and nasty slave trader Ray Teal comes to collect Yvonne because it turns out her mother was a slave. *I'm white!* she screams. *No, gal, you ain't,* leers Ray Teal, *you only* FEEL *white, but you are as black as my heart and I'll learn you how to know your place.* There she stands at the auction block in New Orleans, when who swaggers up but Clark Gable. He plunks down $5,000 for the gal and treats her like a lady. He's got slaves and plantations galore, but also an understanding heart, due to his shady past. Well, slavery's gotta go. So here comes bloodshed, rebellion, revelling Yankee soldiers. Here comes Sidney Poitier, Gable's arrogant, hate-filled servant, ready to cede his ex-master to the Union. Is there no mercy? And where is Yvonne? And what are we doing here?—CinemaScope, WARNERS.

MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES

James Cagney
Dorothy Malone
Jane Greer
Jim Backus
Roger Smith

all of them Lon Chaney

■ Lon Chaney (James Cagney) was a famous Hollywood star over thirty years ago, largely because he was a wizard at the art of make-up. He specialized in weird and monstrous characters, and he was a tense, lonely, embittered man. The son of deaf mutes, he married a nightclub singer (Dorothy Malone) but didn't inform her about his parents' affliction until she was pregnant. At that point, she was not inclined to be understanding. Even though their child was healthy, the marriage was dead. Dorothy signals *that* to the world by swallowing acid onstage in the middle of Cagney's act. He's crazy about his son, but the courts won't give him custody until he can provide a suitable home. Cagney thinks a lot of money would be suitable, which is why he breaks into movies, but the courts didn't mean that. Marriage to ex-chorus girl Jane Greer does the trick. But by this time, Cagney's closing in on himself and is very nearly lost behind those thousand faces. Dorothy, who has a permanent frog in her throat from the acid swallowing, keeps popping up on the lawn for a glimpse of her son. Years pass before all those pent-up emotions bring forth a gusher of a finale.—CinemaScope, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

THE GOLDEN VIRGIN

Joan Crawford
Rosanno Brazzi
Heather Sears
Lee Patterson
Ron Randell

Innocent vs. Brazzi

■ When rich, self-assured—but with a secret sorrow—Joan Crawford returns for a visit to her birthplace in Ireland, she is manipulated by the local gentry into meeting Heather Sears, a lovely teen-ager who is deaf, dumb and blind since an accident in childhood. Heather lives in squalor with a drunken hag. Joan rescues her, takes her to America and there follow some fascinating scenes of Heather's rebirth as a human being who turns out to be remarkably pretty and appealing. She can communicate through sign language, touch, reading and writing Braille. She can even fall in love. Soon she and Joan are helping other stricken children by raising money and influencing public opinion. But then Joan's secret sorrow returns. That's her crafty, estranged husband, Rosanno Brazzi. Joan's still mad about him, and mad enough to take him back. He and his pal, Ron Randell, turn Heather's cause into a personal gold mine. And that isn't all. The rest of what he does is just awful.—COLUMBIA.

NO SLEEP TILL DAWN

Natalie Wood
Karl Malden
Marsha Hunt
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
Don Kelly

father, daughter and flier

■ Karl Malden thinks he has a fairly responsible job as head of the maintenance crew at a big army air force base. But his teen-age daughter, Natalie Wood, is ashamed of him—and bored. She wants Dad to make a lot of money and a lot of fancy friends so she can hold her head up. Karl's wife, Marsha Hunt, wishes everybody would be happy. One day Natalie meets handsome flier Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., the new squadron leader at the base. All of a sudden there isn't a bored bone in her. But Pop nearly blows his top, and decides to resign from his job. He remembers Efrem from the old days—that's Korea—when Efrem didn't seem to mind if the maintenance crew was blown to Kingdom Come as long as they fixed his plane so he could keep a date with a geisha girl. Shows you how important it is not to make snap judgments: Efrem isn't like that at all. But it takes a lot of movie to bring everybody to their senses about everything. It takes a bail-out and rescue in the mountains of California during a test flight, some well-acted "father" scenes by Malden, some interesting documentation of maintenance work. There is also airplane in this movie that's as big as Macy department store.—CinemaScope, WARNER

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

Cary Gra
Deborah Ke
Richard Denni
Neva Patters
Robert Q. Lew

old-fashioned tear jerker

■ You can forgive Deborah Kerr and Ca Grant almost anything because they're a co ple of charmers, but somebody has to ta the rap for this plot. Cary's a notorious pla boy crossing the ocean to marry the riche girl in the world, Neva Patterson. Deborah a well-groomed ex-singer who let her mora be loosened by Richard Denning—he set h up in a Park Avenue apartment and now sh going to marry him. It's love at first sight f Cary and Deb, and they're giddy about When the ship stops at Naples they scramb up a hill into the wise old arms of Car grandma Cathleen Nesbitt; she thinks th were made for each other. So Cary decid to get a job and Deborah decides to disca all her expensive clothes. In six months, all's well, they'll meet at the top of the Em pire State Building and fly on up to heav via the marriage license bureau. Deborah almost flies up prematurely via an auto accide It's a long, hard, ridiculous pull to the t let me tell you. —CinemaScope, 20TH-Fox.

THE CARELESS YEARS

Dean Stockw
Natalie Trun
John Lar
Barbara Billingsl
John Stephens

teen-age love story

■ When high school kids Dean Stockwell a Natalie Trundy fall in love, their parents a inclined to view the whole thing with amu ment and/or horror. This will show pare a thing or two. Adolescent love is likely be all-consuming, and what are a couple well-brought-up kids going to do if they ca get married? *Why* CAN'T *we get married,* sa intense young Dean who proceeds to ma all the preparations for an elopement to Me ico. He would have been married in chur but all those parents nearly had heart tacks at the suggestion. What about his ed cation, his career, his ability to earn a livin What about growing up first? This is a ve serious, honest and perceptive treatment of highly-charged subject. A little too serious its unrelenting tension.—UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW PLAYI

THE THREE FACES OF EVE (20th-Fox): This the true story of a woman who had three differ personalities and is based on an actual case histo Joanne Woodward plays all three characters: J White—a drab little housewife, Eve Black—a gay extrovert who lives to have fun, and a third heal personality that lives at the expense of the ot two and wins a victory over them. Lee Cobb's doctor and David Wayne's her husband.

A FACE IN THE CROWD (Warner's): This the story of the making and breaking of a TV i Pat Neal, an emcee on a morning radio show, fi Andy Griffith, a sloppy cantankerous vagrant, i local jail and puts him on the show. From there snowballs to fame and moves into politics.

SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS (United Artist "Here's mud in your gossip column," says J check girl Barbara Nichols to columnist Da White, under pretty sordid circumstances. How n is mixed, carried and smeared through gossip umns is the main line of this movie, which pl up the personalities of two stupendous heels—B Lancaster, a powerful and sadistic N. Y. columni and Tony Curtis, a weasel of a Broadway p agent who gets the short end of the stick.

JEANNE EAGELS (Columbia): Kim Novak pl Jeanne Eagels, a famous actress in the 'twent Kim starts climbing in a traveling circus owned Jeff Chandler. She refuses to marry him, but m ries hard-drinking Charles Drake. She gets to famous—and miserable. Chandler turns up now then to try and save her.

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